THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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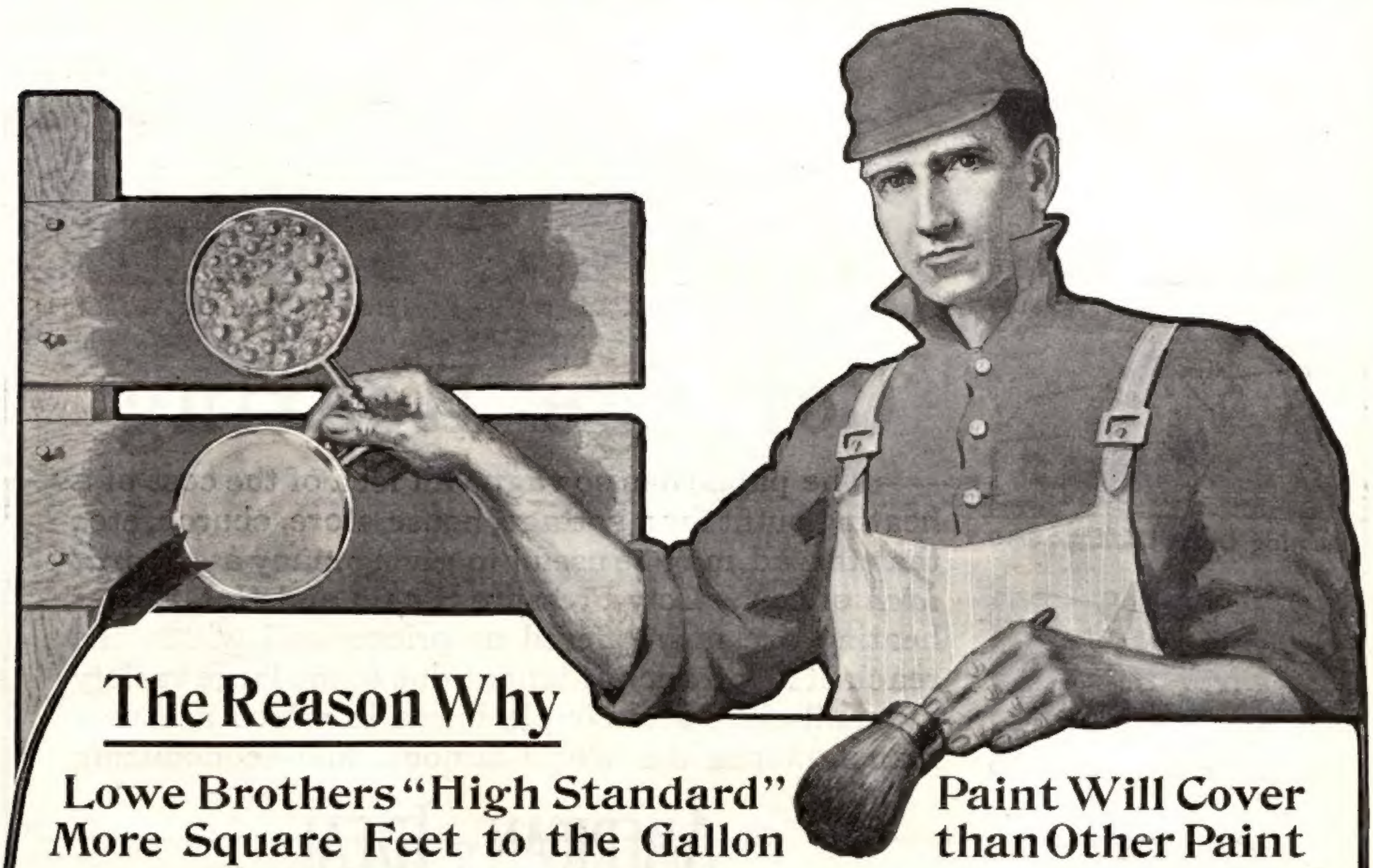

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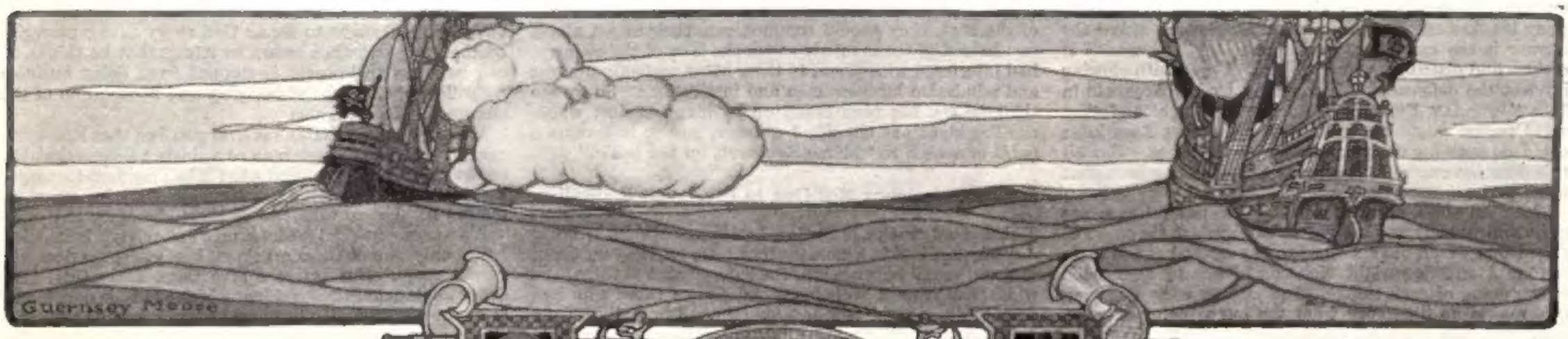
THE PRESIDENT AND BIG BUSINESS—By Albert J. Beveridge



DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

WHAT a notable book is Olive Schreiner's African Farm! When I read it, many years ago, this sentence profoundly impressed me: "The eternal analogy holds." Look about, and you will find that everything is very much like everything else—a house is on the plan of a human body, for example. The same thing is true in the occurrences of history, and this fact has crept into our common speech; we say, in the familiar and perfectly truthful maxim, that "history repeats itself." So, to the historical reader, what is going on in America to-day does not differ, in its large meaning, from what has gone on in history since the world began. Take, for example, child labor. Exactly to a hair-line what took place in England a hundred years ago is taking place here in America to-day: the same fight to end that barbarism of greed that we are making here in America now, the English reformers began in England a hundred years ago; the same arguments, word for word (put them in parallel columns and you will find them the same, even to commas and semicolons), that were made against stopping child labor in England are made against stopping it here.

But the most striking analogy is the growth in the power of strong men and their contempt for law that certain types of such men have always shown, on the one hand, and the effort of the people to curb their power and make them obey the law, on the other hand. Now, as always, the people are no match for the mighty ones who prey upon them except when the people are led by a stronger man than any of the giants who wrong them. There is no difference at all, except in the way in which these powerful ones do things and the way in which the powerful ones of the past did things. It is the same old game, played on the same old lines, but with different methods. Whereas, heretofore, in the world's history these strong men dealt with arms, soldiers and the physical misgovernment of provinces, and thus became dukes and princes, the same kind of men in our day deal with money, affairs and the manipulation of great properties.

Nobody has any objection to big business; this is a big country, and we ought to have big business, and by the same token, of course, we ought to have big business men—the bigger the better, and, very decidedly, the more of them the better—they will act as checks on one another. But here again "the eternal analogy holds," and just as in the old times strong men became drunken with their increasing power, disdainful of restraint and regulation, and insisted upon becoming a law unto themselves, so the same workings of human nature produce the same results to-day. This is a very simple comparison, but does it not state the philosophy of the present struggle to compel observance of law by the big men, on the one hand, and the resistance of these big men to those who would make them observe law, on the other hand?

Louis XI and Richelieu Against the Strong-Arm Men

MANY examples suggest themselves which will make the situation still clearer, but I will take only one or two. In the time of Louis XI of France that country was divided under the savage and ruinous sway of strong-armed men, who sincerely thought that the common people were their natural servants and legitimate prey. Then rose this strange man, Louis XI, who was a very bad man in many respects, but whose chief purpose and real work were to make these overlords and oppressors of the people obey a common rule of action, to bind France together and to give the people order and security—that is the only work of Louis XI which history recognizes. It was a work which was good for France, good for the people, and bad for nobody at all excepting the men of the strong arm who had been having things their own way, whose power Louis XI lessened and whose oppression he almost stopped.

The same thing is true in a greater degree of Cardinal Richelieu. Everything he did was for the direct benefit of the common people of France. Under his iron hand the raids of men of the strong arm were checked, the farmers tilled their fields in peace, the shopkeepers sold their wares unmolested, trade flourished under rigid laws, and in the homes of the humble there were happiness and comfort which no lord nor duke nor prince might violate. Richelieu, like Louis XI, used methods that were questionable, sometimes even despicable. Neither man was admirable from the private viewpoint; but both were historic benefactors of the plain people, from whose backs they lifted the heavy yoke of lawless oppressors, giving to all men, high and low, freedom of industry and trade, and equal rights and equal protection by the laws of a common country.

We find the same thing repeated many times in the vivid accounts of the same struggle in the Bible. Every now and then the people, oppressed by one kind or another of strong men, would find a representative in some ruler who personified the people and whose passion was justice and righteousness. The movement of the American people under Washington was not a whit different from any of these; and so I might go on with similar examples all through this paper. Always it is the same old struggle, growing out of the same unfailing causes and having the same results—only the forms are different.

Now and always these abuses rise from the same springs of human nature. A man does successful things, realizes his strength, wants to do bigger and still bigger and ever bigger things in a quicker and still quicker and ever quicker way. He becomes absorbed in results, great results—becomes obsessed of them, in fact. Very naturally, he grows impatient of any obstacle that stands in the way of these swiftly-won and tremendous results. If it is the people he becomes contemptuous of the people; if it is the law he becomes impatient of the law—in fact, he considers himself above the law. Is not this true of those masters of great business in America to-day who have looked upon the law as a code of conduct for everybody except themselves? At bottom, this is the cause of the historic battle between such men and those who were and are determined that no man, however able or audacious, can be above the law that regulates everybody else.

The Sphere to Which Mere Stockholders Cannot Aspire

THIS is a savage statement, but see how true it is. Of the present-day barons—yes, kings—of business, Mr. Harriman has become the most conspicuous in daring methods, in striking resourcefulness and wizard-like results. He has done such big things in such a big way that nobody is any longer surprised with any manifestation of his adventurous genius. It almost seems that he considered that his success and the sheer bigness of what he did entitled him to exemption from those rules of business, those provisions of law, and even those moral considerations, which governed everybody else. Witness the statement of his lawyer, Mr. Cromwell, who, in legal generalship, is as courageous and inventive as is his client, Mr. Harriman, in financial generalship. Very well. In a stockholders' meeting Mr. Cromwell, in speaking of and defending Mr. Harriman's attitude in his management of corporations, actually said this of Mr. Harriman, and said it publicly—it went all over the country: that Mr. Harriman *moved in a higher sphere, to which mere stockholders could not aspire.*

So we see the mental and moral attitude of these strong men. Mr. Harriman is not alone in his view of divine right to do what he pleases in his own way. Recall Mr. Baer's offensive assertion that he is divinely commissioned to do as he likes with a common necessity of all the people—coal. Under this divine commission he raised prices unwarrantably, and indulged in such indefensible practices toward his working-men that an important commission, headed by Judge Gray, disapproved and denounced them. Those astonishingly able men who manage the Standard Oil Company have thought just the same thing. Everybody knows that their world-wide industry and unheard-of wealth has been builded partly upon secret and criminal rebates, which every honest man condemns, as well as upon organization, energy, economy, foresight, and all other

sound virtues which every man praises. You can run down the entire list of men who are now raging against "interference with their business" and find that the same thing is true.

For my part, I think these men entirely sincere. They are so much bigger and abler than other men that it does not occur to them that they should be governed by the same laws that govern other men. They justify everything by results.

If you speak of what Mr. Harriman did in the matter of the Alton railroad, you are told to look at his marvelous reconstruction of the Central and Union Pacific roads; and the truth must be said that that work is a most astonishing and beneficent feat of constructive genius.

If anybody says anything about the Standard Oil Company having forced the railroads to make a thirty-five-cent-rate on oil to a competitor while giving a ten-cent rate to the Standard Oil, and then, in addition to that, compelling the railroad to pay the extra twenty-five cents charged the competitor over to the Standard Oil, he is told to look at the incalculable benefits which the Standard Oil has conferred on the people in the way of better oil, reduced prices, a multitude of useful inventions. And, indeed, the achievements of the Standard Oil in things useful to the people have been real miracles. If this company is asked to answer in court for violations of law the answer is the number of men it employs, the wealth it creates and distributes, and the like. I read with glowing interest the defense of this company by Mr. Archbold in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST not long ago, and that vivid recital made me thrill with pride that Americans could do such big things and such good things. But all this does not excuse that company for violating laws that every one else must obey.

No! All these activities of these wonderful men are right and nobody has a word to say against them. The only thing we do have a word to say against is the utter contempt and downright violation of law by these men in the doing of such things. And although the following fact makes no difference from the moral point of view, still, from the practical point of view, it should not be forgotten that all these men could have secured the same results by obeying the law—all they would have had to do would have been to be patient and take a little longer time about it. For example, the Standard Oil could have built up its priceless machinery of production and distribution absolutely without crime and relying solely upon the skill, watchfulness, economy and creative ability of its managers. It would have taken more time, of course, and perhaps harder work. But time and hard work are the conditions that govern all the rest of us, and *that is just the point.* The kings of big business do not want to be governed by the conditions that govern all the rest of us; do not want to obey the laws that all the rest of us must obey, and insist on being a law to themselves. Of course, the rest of us ninety millions cannot permit that.

Big Businesses Gone Wrong

THIS growing determination of the Nation finally found its representative in one man, and that man is Theodore Roosevelt. If you look at it on the human side, this whole twentieth century moral and economic controversy in America might be called Roosevelt vs. Big Business Gone Wrong. So we see that all these masters of big business are against Roosevelt. There were the men who wrecked the Knickerbocker Trust Company in New York, whose failure was the first gun of the recent "panic." They gathered in nearly seventy million dollars of other people's money as deposits and then speculated with it in various big business ventures. They did no more than a good many others did, but they got caught—went down. Every one of them is against Roosevelt; every one of them "blames Roosevelt for the panic"; every one of them declares that Roosevelt hurts business. Then there were the gentlemen, some of them bearing exalted names in American finance, who capitalized and sold a railroad that had neither right-of-way, grading, rails, ties, engines, cars or traffic, and existed only in imagination—these men think the same thing of Roosevelt that Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Harriman think of him. Mr. Belmont wrote a letter to the Civic Federation, the expenses of which, as was shown by a recent investigation, were paid partly out of the treasury of the Metropolitan Railroad Company of New York, denouncing Roosevelt as the cause of the present financial trouble, and generally as an enemy to business.

The chorus of denunciation of the President is swelled by wrongdoers whom he has not reached and cannot reach as President, but to whom nothing but his attitude is hurtful. This is true of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, a State institution; of the traction companies of New York City. Another example: In the State Trust Company of New York a loan of two million dollars—sixty per cent. in excess of the legal amount—was made to an office boy, and this was only one of many improper loans. For precisely this offense the president of the Indianapolis National Bank was sent to the penitentiary after the failure of that institution in 1893. The State Trust Company was a State institution exclusively; yet the heads of it are all denouncing Roosevelt.

In short, all over the country powerful men who have been doing big business in an unlawful way are very bitter toward the President. But not everything these men do is unlawful—not all of their methods are improper. Indeed, most of them are perfectly legitimate. Therefore they have widespread connections with financial institutions and closely-knit relations with other strong business men to whose character or conduct nothing but praise can be given. But it is only human nature that, in the plight which the strong men who have been doing wrong find themselves when confronted with vigorous enforcement of the laws, they should communicate their anger, alarm and hatred of the man who, with the laws of the country, had interfered with them, to these other perfectly upright and admirable business men and institutions. So we see that the cry has been taken up by many against whom the President has not lifted a finger, and so it became a habit of speech to "blame Roosevelt for the panic."

Money Stringency Not Due to Roosevelt Radicalism

BUT it only took a little time for this to subside. Honest men realized in a moment that, after all, the very life of safe and sound business was the enforcement of these laws which had caused such inconvenience to those who had done business recklessly and sometimes criminally. They saw, too, that, after all, the Administration's enforcement of the laws had not caused the panic, had not in the least interfered with legitimate business, but that the money stringency and industrial stagnation were due to other and very natural causes. For example, our inelastic and insufficient monetary system; the reckless habit of expenditure and extravagant plane of living of which nearly the whole people had become guilty; the natural slowing down of the wheels of trade, driven for many years at an unheard-of rate of speed; the industrial congestion resulting from abnormal material activity, all contributed to the situation. Everybody came to see that President Roosevelt and his supposed radicalism had no more to do with the little panic of 1907 than President Cleveland and his supposed conservatism with the big panic of 1893.

But it was not unnatural to hear Roosevelt blamed for the panic. First of all, he is the personification of what two years ago I named "the movement for the moral regeneration of American business"; secondly, his personality is so brilliant that, as has always been the case in like situations, his very prominence invites attack; in the third place, his activities are so tremendous and varied that his influence enters into some phase of the life of nearly every one of our ninety millions. "Roosevelt mixes up in everything," is a common expression, and one which is not without some truth. "Why, Roosevelt has come to be the 'whole thing,' so much so that he would be blamed for a dog fight," recently said a powerful and upright financier of New York. So, perhaps, it was natural that the thoughtless should sincerely "blame Roosevelt for the panic," as it was inevitable that the wicked, whose criminal recklessness his hand had stopped, should insincerely "blame Roosevelt for the panic."

But with the thoughtful this did not last long. They reflected that we have had other panics which Roosevelt did not and could not have caused. For example, there was the panic of 1814; surely Roosevelt did not cause that. There were the panics of 1837, 1857, 1873, 1893—tremendous panics, historic panics, every one of them. It is plain that Roosevelt is not to blame for any of these panics. There were lesser panics in 1826, 1844, 1864, 1884, for which it is obvious that Roosevelt could not have been to blame. So it is clear that some causes may have contributed to the present financial trouble other than Roosevelt and his policies.

All this, I say, quickly occurred to thinking people. Then these same people saw with equal clearness another thing; that this panic has not been, and is not to be, a gigantic financial catastrophe like the historic periods of industrial paralysis of the past, but only a temporary disturbance. This disturbance comes somewhat from the adjustment to right and legal methods of those big businesses whose managers have been running them by wrong and illegal methods. To that extent, and to that extent only, has Roosevelt interfered with business, and such interference with business is in reality the safety of business, for warfare upon piratical business is the safety of legitimate business.

The prosperity of buccaneers two hundred years ago depended upon their business, and they bitterly resented interference by ships of war. But those ships of war represented the honesty of the nations. They interfered with the business of the buccaneers because the business of the buccaneers interfered with the honest business of honest merchants. If we are not to have all business, big and little, conducted in obedience to law, then no business ought to be conducted in obedience to law. For, if some big business men do as they please and all other business men do business as the law says they must, the latter are at a disadvantage with the former; nay, more, they are at the mercy of the former. So every business man in America who wants to do business by the same rules of righteousness and under the same laws that govern all other business men ought to thank God every time a powerful business man, who has grown so strong that he thinks he can be a law to himself, is stopped from doing business regardless of the rules of fair play and in violation of the statutes of the Republic.

When you come to think it over you find that Roosevelt has not attacked a single man or a single business that has not overridden the law (and what is he President for unless it is to see that no man, however big he may be, overrides the law?). Let us take two or three examples of Roosevelt's war on powerful business men and mighty industries. I give only two or three examples because space does not permit more. But before I give them I say this: that every single act of the President which has been denounced as an interference with business has been against the same class of men and practices similar to these illustrations. And note this further fact, which is still more important, that not one single business man, not one single industry, no matter how great it was, or how rich and powerful were the men at its head, has been attacked by the President when that business or those men have not disregarded the country's laws. On the contrary, no man has more steadily encouraged big business done in the right way than Theodore Roosevelt, just as no man has been so merciless on big business when done in the wrong way. I, for one, could not have supported the President otherwise.

To Obey the Laws the Only Mandate

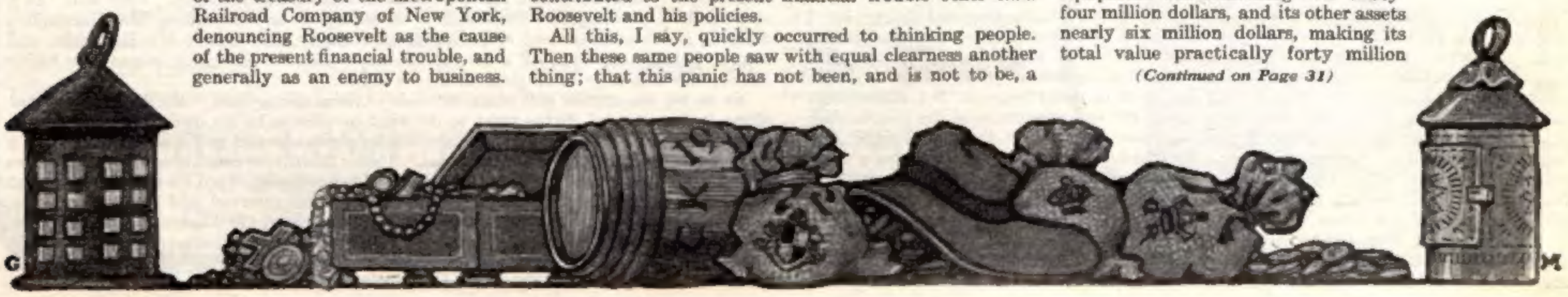
FOR example, every economic student agrees that mighty industrial organizations, requiring vast aggregations of capital, are absolutely necessary to our present highly-developed and complex civilization. But has the President attempted to dissolve any of them *when they kept within the law?* Has he denounced this modern and entirely correct evolution of industry and proposed its annihilation, which is the chief war cry of demagogues and political adventurers? Not at all! On the contrary, he has said scores of times that these big financial and industrial organizations are economically correct; that they cannot and ought not be destroyed; that their property should be protected and their managers encouraged; and that all that is asked of them is that they shall obey the laws of the land.

Now for two or three of the illustrations of Roosevelt's interference with big business.

I take the following facts from the formal report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, based upon its investigation of what has been called the "loot of the Alton." Speaking for myself, I do not call it looting; it may or may not have been "looting." "Looting" is an ugly word. It may be that there is some explanation of such finance. I here repeat only the facts which so startled the American people and seriously wounded their confidence. And I give the exact words of the official report—the authority of officials whose statements never have been questioned.

Up to 1899 it appeared on the books of the Alton Railroad Company that the cost of that road and its equipment was something over thirty-four million dollars, and its other assets nearly six million dollars, making its total value practically forty million

(Continued on Page 31)



A SENATOR OF THE SIXTIES

Personal Recollections of William M. Stewart, of Nevada—President Lincoln During the Civil War

EDITED BY GEORGE ROTHWELL BROWN
ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

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THE morning after I had taken my seat in the Senate Chamber I called upon President Lincoln at the White House. He received me in the most friendly manner. He took me by both hands, and said:

"I am glad to see you here. We need as many loyal States as we can get, and, in addition to that, the gold and silver in the region you represent have made it possible for the Government to maintain sufficient credit to continue this terrible war for the Union. I have observed such manifestations of the patriotism of your people as assure me that the Government can rely on your State for such support as is in your power."

Lincoln had Knocked Him Out with One Letter

Mr. Lincoln's countenance when in repose was the saddest I ever saw, but when he smiled to encourage a visitor, or desired to show him the impossibility of granting his request, his countenance would overflow with genial good humor; and he would usually tell an anecdote which would illustrate the situation and invariably induce his visitor to agree with him, whether he granted or refused the request.

He received Senators and Members of Congress every morning at ten o'clock. He had such a wonderful capacity for dealing with questions submitted to him that he would often receive as many as a hundred representative men in two hours. His door would be open and he would stand at the rear of his office opposite another door through which his visitors departed when their business was transacted.

I stood in line one morning with quite a number of Senators behind me. My colleague, Senator Nye, came up to me and handed me a package of papers on the outside of which was indorsed in a bold hand:

"The Application of ———— for Restoration to His Position as Sutler."

My business with Mr. Lincoln, not being very important, was dispatched at once, and I then held the package in my hand, saying to him that my colleague had requested that I present the papers to him.

He read the indorsement at a glance and said:

"That is a case of a rich Israelite. He has been removed at the request of Mr. Stanton. Mr. Stanton says he is dishonest and cannot be trusted. If I should interfere in the matter, it would cause a heated controversy with Mr. Stanton. You tell Brother Nye what I have said, and, if he thinks the matter of sufficient importance to require me to quarrel with Mr. Stanton, to come and see me and give me his reasons."

I took the message to Nye and he declared in language more emphatic than polite that he should not visit the President for any such purpose. It was apparent that my colleague knew Mr. Lincoln pretty well, and that he did not want to hear an anecdote.

How Lincoln Broke the Ice at Dinner

SENATOR NESBIT, of Oregon, and Senator Nye enjoyed the reputation of being humorous and amusing story-tellers. Mr. Lincoln, within a week of our arrival, gave a dinner at the White House to the Senators of the West. His invitations were first verbal and then in writing. He told his guests that he had two matchless story-tellers to entertain them.

When we were seated around the table both Senators were so abashed that every shadow of wit departed from them, and it devolved upon Mr. Lincoln to put the party in good humor. He accomplished that to the satisfaction of everybody. He told stories on Nesbit and Nye until the dinner party became hilarious. Their discomfiture was complete, but, finally, after they were thoroughly cornered, they rallied and contributed to the good-fellowship of the dinner.

Lincoln's manner of dispatching business of all kinds was marvelous. In February, 1865, I received a telegraphic dispatch from Nevada, informing me that the United States District Attorney and the Register of the Land Office were beginning prosecutions against the people for cutting timber on the public lands. No surveys had been made, no lands had been sold, and there was no other place to obtain timber or firewood except by trespassing upon the public domain. This had been a universal practice, from the valleys of California to the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, for more than twenty years.

I took the dispatch to Joseph Wilson, the Commissioner of the General Land Office. He immediately turned to the law and the instructions to local officers, and told me that he could do nothing, as they were discharging their duty under the law.

I then called on Mr. Browning, the Secretary of the Interior, and obtained a similar reply.

I then went to Mr. Lincoln and told him. It was not necessary for me to explain, for he knew there was no private land upon which to cut timber, and that the people could not exist without firewood and lumber.

He shoved a tablet across the table and asked me if I knew of two citizens in my State who could discharge the duties of District Attorney and Register of Lands. I told him I did. He said:

"Please write their names on that tablet."

I did so and he indorsed it, directing the Attorney-General and Secretary Browning to make out commissions for the appointment of these gentlemen. He rang the bell, gave the order to a messenger, turned to me, and entered into a pleasant conversation as if nothing had happened.

At the time Mr. Lincoln met Alexander H. Stephens and others at Fortress Monroe for the purpose of discussing the question of peace, the Republican Senate was thrown into considerable excitement.

Lincoln's Cabinet Mere Messenger-Boys

A CAUCUS was called and speeches were made criticising the President for leaving the White House and assuming such a hazardous undertaking. I was seated near William Pitt Fessenden, of Maine, who was an able man and an acknowledged leader in the Senate. I remarked to him privately that I saw no occasion for any uneasiness. I said I believed Mr. Lincoln could take care of himself; besides, he had a large part of his Cabinet with him.

Fessenden put his hand on my shoulder and said: "My young friend, I see you have a very high opinion of Mr. Lincoln, but you are mistaken if you suppose he has a Cabinet. Mr. Lincoln has never had a Cabinet. The heads of the departments who are called Cabinet officers are his clerks and messenger-boys, and, whether they know it or not, they always do what he wants them to do. He might just as well be alone at Fortress Monroe as to have any of his Cabinet with him."

This gave me a still clearer idea of Mr. Lincoln's superior power. Mr. Fessenden had served in the Cabinet for a considerable time as Secretary of the Treasury and knew what he was saying.

Stephens told an amusing story to his neighbors after his return to Georgia from the conference at Fortress Monroe. He was a little man, with no physical strength, and when he went North to Fortress Monroe he suffered intensely from the cold.

He bundled up in several layers of clothing, overcoats, shawls, and a great cap, until he resembled a very large man. Stephens said that President Lincoln looked down at him as he took off his wraps and emerged from his shelter, and said:

"Well, that's a mighty little ear for so much shucks."

Stephens said that Mr. Lincoln's expression was so comical that he enjoyed the joke on himself.

When Mr. Lincoln formed his first Cabinet, on March 4, 1861, appointing Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury, and William H. Seward, of New York, Secretary of State, every man of prominence whom I met predicted trouble in the council-room. Chase and Seward had been candidates for the nomination against Lincoln and were still very ambitious. Everybody supposed they would either dominate him, or, at least, greatly embarrass his Administration; but after the Cabinet was formed it was soon ascertained that they were as children in his presence. Mr. Lincoln was the only public man who constantly wrote letters to friends and foes and gained strength and popularity by every one. Horace Greeley was very anxious for the issuance of a proclamation abolishing slavery, and on the nineteenth of August, 1862, wrote Mr. Lincoln an earnest, impatient and rather arrogant letter demanding the immediate abolition of slavery, to which Mr. Lincoln made the following reply:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Friday, August 22, 1862.

HON. HORACE GREELEY:

Dear Sir: I have just read yours of the nineteenth instant, addressed to myself through the New York Tribune.

If there be any statements or assumptions of facts which I may know to be erroneous, I do not now and here controvert them.

If there may be any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against them.

If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt. I would save the Union. I would save it in the shortest way under the Constitution.

The sooner the National authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be—the Union as it was.

If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them.

If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them.

My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery.

If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it—and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it—and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.

What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union.

I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and shall do more whenever I believe doing more will help the cause.

I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they will appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.

Yours, A. LINCOLN.

In conversation with Mr. Greeley afterward he said that Lincoln had knocked him out with one letter and he would be d ——d if he would ever write another.

The Zach Chandler Conspiracy

DURING the latter part of February, 1865, it became evident that the Civil War was drawing to a close, and there was great joy in Washington, and intense relief felt among the officers at the helm of government, when the surrender at Appomattox terminated the frightful struggle.

England had wiped our commerce from the seas by building the Alabama and the Shenandoah, and other swift privateers for the Confederates, which were let loose upon the shipping of the United States. There is no doubt that this country had ample cause for war with Great Britain, and there was a strong undercurrent of sentiment in favor of it.

"What Did I Tell You? Read That!"

A man of wealth and patriotism, Senator Zach Chandler, of Michigan, was one of the leaders of the Senate. No Senator contributed more in brains and action to assist the Union cause than he. He wished to

see the speedy restoration of the Southern States, and was anxious to smite the British lion for the destruction of our commerce. He inaugurated a movement which secretly spread with great rapidity, and brought us almost to a rupture with England.

At that time our ships of trade had been obliterated from every ocean, and the American flag, which once had been carried by our fast sailing ships to every port, had disappeared. We had no navy, but practically every harbor was protected by the ironclads, called monitors, which had been invented and built during the war. Our big seacoast cities were so thoroughly defended, therefore, that no foreign enemy could have made a successful assault upon us by sea. There were no other ironclads in the world. We had a monopoly, and not a wooden ship on earth—and all the European navies were wooden—would have had a show against them.

This started Senator Chandler thinking, and he evolved a daring scheme. His bitterness against England seemed to increase after the war had been terminated. One day he drew me aside in the Senate cloakroom and unfolded his plan. He said:

"I propose that we take an appeal to President Lincoln, signed by influential men, to call an extra session of Congress, and send two hundred thousand trained veterans into the British possessions north of us: one hundred thousand picked troops from the Federal army, and the same number from the flower of Lee's army. I have thought of this seriously for weeks, and I shall make every effort to bring it about." He was intensely in earnest, and I knew that he would back his plan up with all the brains and energy at his command.

"We have confronting us," he continued, "a great problem. Our country is rent in twain. If we could march into Canada an army composed of men who have worn the gray side by side with the men who have worn the blue to fight against a common hereditary enemy, it would do much to heal the wounds of the war, hasten reconstruction, and weld the North and the South together by a bond of friendship.

"I believe, with my knowledge of human nature, that those fellows who have been fighting each other for the past five years would sail in and lick any army on the face of the globe, and be glad and proud and anxious to do it. I believe that a hundred thousand of Grant's men and a hundred thousand of Lee's could whip any army of twice the size on earth. I don't believe there are any such soldiers as these in the whole world.

"Well, That's a Mighty Little Ear for so Much Shucks"

"It would be impossible for England and the Canadians to organize an armed force to meet the splendid army of veterans we could throw across the border. England has a navy, of course, but she can't do us any harm, because *we* haven't any commerce to be injured, and our ports are impregnable. England's wooden vessels would be helpless against our monitors, and our harbors and coast cities would be safe."

It was Senator Chandler's idea, of course, that the United States should seize Canada from Great Britain in payment for the enormous losses inflicted upon our commerce by British-built vessels sold to the Confederate Government. He talked this matter over with me many times. The prospect of extending our northern boundary to the North Pole pleased him.

I fell in with the plan almost from the beginning. Senator Chandler unfolded his plot to many other Senators, and it was discussed seriously. At that time Alaska was about to be annexed, and it was realized that the British possessions in Canada would come in handy.

Finally, so far had the plot progressed that thirty Senators had been pledged to support it, and I attended many informal caucuses at which the next steps to be taken were discussed.

Then, at almost the very instant the scheme was to be sprung upon the country, and pressure brought to bear upon the President to secure his coöperation, Mr. Lincoln was assassinated. This made the carrying out of the plan impossible. From the very first day Johnson took the oath of office as President he was at war with Congress, and the invasion of Canada never materialized. Chandler's faith and enthusiasm in the scheme won some of the best minds in the Senate to his proposition.

It was about this time that I had the good fortune to enjoy the friendship of two of the most remarkable men produced by the Civil War: Admiral Farragut and General Sheridan. Each had a hobby, and was a most interesting companion.

Farragut's Idea of the Fortune of War

IN THE spring of 1865 Admiral Farragut and his wife and Mrs. Stewart and I lived at the old Willard Hotel, and at meals sat at the same table. The old sea-fighter was modest in telling of his deeds, and did not regard any of his exploits as being in the least extraordinary. His principal hobby was that it was always wise in battle to take a city at the expense of losing a ship, and he believed that vessels generally could enter harbors and pass forts and mines without great loss.

He frequently told me that a vital mistake had been made when it was decided not to send the Federal navy into Charleston Harbor for the purpose of taking that city. The fall of Charleston, he believed, would have been of immense advantage to the United States, might have terminated the war speedily, and would have saved lives and property.

I told the Admiral that it was the general opinion among the people of the North that Charleston Harbor was strongly fortified with mines or dangerous torpedoes, and that it would have been destructive to any fleet to have ventured into it.

"Some of the ships might have been hurt," said Admiral Farragut; "but that's the fortune of war. It was their duty to go in and take the city with the mines." The Admiral alluded to this subject many times, and it seemed to be a question of much interest with him. Finally, about the first of June he came into the dining-room one morning and handed a newspaper to me:

"What did I tell you? Read that."

I read the article, which stated that the harbor of Charleston had been dredged, and no torpedoes found which would explode.

General Sheridan's hobby was as to how many men really fought in battle. When the Franco-Prussian War began, President Grant designated him to visit Germany, accompany the German army, and make observations on the war. I chanced to be in New York the day before Sheridan sailed.

Chester A. Arthur, who was afterward President, was Collector of the Port. In honor of the General and two or three friends he had prepared a breakfast on a revenue cutter, on which Sheridan was to be taken down the bay and transferred to his boat, the Scotia, the last side-wheel steamer of the Cunard line, as she discharged her pilot. I was one of the party, and we spent practically the entire day on the cutter, where we enjoyed both breakfast and luncheon, in most congenial conversation. The General said that when the Civil War began a very small proportion of either army fought. I asked him what he meant by that. Said he:

"Raw soldiers get excited, shoot too high, shoot too low, don't take aim, and don't do effective service. The Southern armies fought better than the Northern armies at the beginning of the war—that is to say, more of the Southern men were accustomed to firearms, were better marksmen, took better aim, and did more effective work. Toward the close of the war the Northern troops fought the better. They were better fed, better clothed, and had more confidence of victory than their opponents. But, at that time, when the opposing soldiers came together in actual hand-to-hand battle, the fighting on both sides was very satisfactory."

Sheridan was very anxious, as a soldier who had gone through a great war, to witness the battles between the French and the Germans. He said he knew the French had not retained the discipline they had acquired under Napoleon, and that Germany had done everything to train her armies and prepare them for war.

He was desirous, he said, of seeing whether theoretical training, outside of actual fighting, would make as good soldiers as the constant conflict of armies in the field. He wanted to discover whether men could be trained, in times of peace, to fight as well as men who had gone through a four-year war.

When Sheridan returned to the United States I gave him a dinner in Washington, and when the dinner was over the waiters and newspaper writers were invited to leave. After it was made certain to General Sheridan that nobody outside of the select company would hear what he said, he told us many interesting details of his trip. I asked him if he had satisfied his curiosity as to which was the better method of making soldiers: rigid training or actual war.

Lincoln Would Send a Servant After Him and Call Him Back

"War, by all means," he said. "There was no such fighting between the Germans and French as occurred between the North and the South. The Germans moved in order, and their generals took great pains to place me where I could observe their manœuvres. They didn't fight anything like as well as the soldiers on either side in our war."

He said he did not like to talk about the French, the people who had fought so many desperate battles; but the fact was, he declared, that the French army was a mob, and made no real resistance against the conquering Germans.

I suppose that at this late day I am betraying no confidence in alluding to this matter of history.

Charles Sumner was a spectacular character. The assault that Congressman Brooks, of South Carolina, made on him in the Senate Chamber shortly before the war created intense indignation throughout the North. The elder Francis P. Blair, who was at the time manipulating anti-slavery politics, took Sumner to his house and caused his injuries to be advertised in a most exaggerated manner. Sumner was an actor, and played the martyr to the admiration of his friends.

When the Senators from the South retired Sumner fell heir to the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations. His egotism was such as to make it impossible for him to admit that he had an equal in either House of Congress. There was only one man in Washington who understood him and knew how to manage him, and that was President Lincoln, who seemed to know everything.

How Lincoln Kept Sumner in Line

HE KEPT Sumner in line, and made him useful, by sending for him about twice a week for consultation. After consulting him a while he would allow him to leave, but, before Sumner could get out of the grounds of the White House, Lincoln would send a servant after him and call him back to consult him about some *other* important matter, and by his adroit tactics he made Sumner think he was running the Government, commanding all the armies, and regulating all the civil affairs of the United States.

General Grant did not know the character of Sumner. He judged of him from the high position he occupied as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. When there was an opportunity to acquire the island of Santo Domingo he left the White House and called on Mr. Sumner at his residence, a most unusual thing for a President to do. He laid before Mr. Sumner all the facts he had in his possession with regard to the feasibility of annexing Santo Domingo.

President Grant informed his Cabinet that Mr. Sumner, as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, was heartily in favor of the acquisition of Santo Domingo, and advised President Grant to make a treaty for that purpose. President Grant and his Secretary of State, Hamilton Fish, made a treaty for the acquisition of Santo Domingo, and sent it to the Senate for ratification.

Mr. Sumner opposed it most bitterly and denounced it in unmeasured terms. When Senators called his attention to the fact that he advised the President to make it, he denied that he had given any such advice. He was plied with questions from many Senators, calling his attention to the exact language which he used as reported by President Grant. When asked if he did not say to President Grant that the treaty met his cordial approbation, he dodged, and said that he told the President that anything that he was disposed to do would receive cordial consideration from him, but that *that* was only intended to be respectful to the President. No fair-minded man doubted that President Grant told the truth and Sumner did not.

Later, and during Grant's first term, a large and influential body of men came from England, representing both political parties of that country, to settle the Alabama claims. They gave many dinners and were tendered many such honors by the leading statesmen of both political parties in the United States. A dinner was given by one of the Englishmen, whose name I do not now recall, at which Secretary Fish, Senator Sumner, chairman of the

(Concluded on Page 30)

A CORNER IN FARMERS

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford Gets Next to Nature And Becomes the Napoleon of Agriculture

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Fifteen a Week and Board," Responded Mr. Tinkle Promptly

WHILE Hiram Hines, imperiling his immortal soul at every jump, pursued a particularly active heifer around the spring-run meadow, there came down the dusty road a man in very much wrinkled "store clothes," topped off with a gay college hat, who set down his battered canvas telescope and considered the antics of Hiram and the heifer for a moment without a smile; then he jumped over the fence and himself plunged into the excitement of the chase. For full five minutes the two men and the animal cavorted violently, and then the quarry, tiring of the sport, jumped over the fence into the barn lot where she was wanted, and trotted calmly up to the cowshed.

"Blast that heifer!" exclaimed Hiram, wiping his forehead on his sleeve and giving his neighbor a belated word of greeting. "Howdy-do, Len?"

"Middling," returned Len Miller. "Middling as to health, but danged poor in the pocket. It costs like thunder even to visit city folks. But what on earth are they doing to the old Spicer place?"

"That's so; you've been gone six weeks, and ain't heard," said Mr. Hines with the eager pleasure of one who is the first to tell great tidings. "Right after you went away it was bought by a city man from back East. He ain't been here yet, but his agent has, and there have been great doings, I tell you. First came a gang of carpenters, and they built that big, new barn, the finest in this county. Then they put on that new front to the house, bigger than the house was itself. Then came loads and loads and loads of furniture, all brand-new. In the big cellar they stored away one whole wagonload of beer and another one of wines and whiskies and liquors of all kinds; and say! There was twelve dozen bottles of champagne! They've piped natural gas twelve miles from Mapes County, and electricians wired the place from cellar to attic. They wired the barn, and even put lights on the porch and in the trees in the front yard, and then they put in a dynamo and a gas engine to make their own electricity. With a telephone downstairs and upstairs, and a gas furnace to heat the whole house, and the traction line running right past his door, and plenty of money, I reckon he'll get along."

"He ought to pull through the winter anyhow," agreed Mr. Miller. "What's he going to do with the rest of his hundred and sixty acres? Lay it out in croquet grounds?"

"Wheat," rejoined Hines with a grin. "Seems as if these new-fangled gentlemen farmers can't think of any other crop but wheat."

While they talked they had walked across to the fence and clambered sociably to the top rail. A spick-and-span carriage, drawn by a team of sleek bays, came whirling down the road. In the rear seat lolled a handsome, brown-haired woman, dressed in gingham, but such gingham! On the front seat, driving, a huge leather bag beside him pasted all over with the labels of European hotels, sat a very large man, one glance at whom was sufficient to command instant respect, for he surely represented money, even though he was dressed exactly like a farmer—in rich brown velvet corduroy with his trousers neatly tucked into a pair of eighteen-dollar seal-leather boots; a twenty-dollar broad-brimmed felt hat upon his head; a brown silk negligee shirt and a scarf of a little deeper shade in the "V" of his broad vest; an immense diamond gleaming from the scarf.

"Good-afternoon, neighbors," called the big man cheerily, his huge pink face smiling jovially from lips to eyes. "Can you tell me the way to the Spicer farm?"

Mr. Hines jumped off the fence.

"Just keep straight on till you come to the traction line," he directed, "and the Spicer house is right at the corner of the track. I reckon this is Mr. Wallingford, maybe."

"Right the very first time," admitted the man, chuckling most invitingly.

"Glad to see you, Judge," said Mr. Hines, grasping at the engaging cordiality, and instinctively giving the important newcomer a title. "My name is Hines."

J. Rufus Wallingford leaned impulsively forward and reached out his broad, soft hand.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Hines. I can see right away that *we're* going to be good neighbors," and he withstood the iron grip of Mr. Hines without wincing. "Mr. Hines, allow me to introduce Mrs. Wallingford."

Mrs. Wallingford bowed with unaffected graciousness. Mr. Miller slid to the ground and stood hesitantly.

"Is this another neighbor?" asked Mr. Wallingford, casting a little more of his ever-ready cordiality in that direction.

"Owns the next farm beyond mine here," replied Mr. Hines. "Mr. Miller, shake hands with Mr. Wallingford."

Mr. Miller did so, a little awkwardly. Mr. Wallingford beamed upon him, took him into his confidence at once, made him feel that they were to be firm friends and introduced him to Mrs. Wallingford, whose smiling amiability cemented the impression.

"It's fine weather we're having," opined Mr. Miller, by way of setting them all at ease, and after Mrs. Wallingford had assured him that it was, and the quartette had exchanged other inconsequentials, "Judge" Wallingford drove on.

"He don't look as if he had ever seen a farm before," summed up Mr. Miller shrewdly; "but they're fine folks."

"They've got money, too," added Mr. Hines. "Money! Scads of it!"

II

MARCHING in time to the ringing Soldiers' Chorus from Faust, a tall, slender gentleman with extremely black hair and mustache came down the walk from the wide Colonial porch of the new-old Spicer residence, carrying in his arms the huge phonograph from which the music proceeded, and greeted the laughing new master and mistress of the house with extravagant ceremony, while three country girls, a red-cheeked one and a thin one and a mortally ugly one, stood giggling upon the porch.

"Welcome to Wallingford Villa!" exclaimed the "agent," setting the blaring phonograph on the gate post, and, with his left hand tucked into his coat bosom, extending his right hand dramatically toward the porch. "Welcome to your ancestral estates and adoring tenantry!"

"Fine business!" approved J. Rufus, shaking hands with Mr. Daw. "Invite the band in to have a drink, Blackie."

"Hush!" admonished Mr. Daw in a hoarse stage whisper. "*Not* Blackie. Here, in hiding from the minions of Uncle Sam, I am Horatio Raven. Remember the name."

"What's the matter?" asked J. Rufus, detecting something real beneath all this absurdity. "I called at your place in Boston, and found a corn doctor's sign on the door. I didn't mean to plant you out here."

"Plant is the word," said Mr. Daw, "and I've rooted fast in the soil. I'm going to take out naturalization papers and grow a chin beard. You're harboring a fugitive, Jim. The very day I got your letter from dear old Lunnon, throwing open a section of your bank account and telling me to buy a farm, the postal authorities took it into their heads to stop all traffic in the Yellow Streak gold mine; also they wanted to mark one Horace G. Daw 'Exhibit A,' and slam him into a cold cage for future reference; so I put on my green whiskers and snuck here to the far, far prairies."

A certain amount of reserve had been quite noticeable in Mrs. Wallingford, and it was still apparent as she asked courteously:

"Where is Mrs. Daw?"

"Raven, if you please," he corrected her, and, in spite of his general air of flippancy, his face lengthened a trifle. "Mrs. Violet Bonnie D.," he replied, "has returned to the original lemon-box of which she was so perfect a product, and is now delighting a palpitating public in The Jolly Divorcée, with a string of waiting Johnnies from the stage door two blocks down Broadway every night. Let us mention the lady no more lest I use language."

"What a pretty place you have made of this!" exclaimed Mrs. Wallingford, thawing into instant amiability. She had her own reasons for being highly pleased with the absence of Violet Bonnie Daw.

"Pretty good," agreed the pseudo Raven. "Step inside and imagine you're in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf."

With considerable of pride he led them inside. Knowing Wallingford as he did he had spared no expense to make this house as luxurious as fine furnishings would render it, and, having considerable of taste in Wallingford's own bizarre way, he had accomplished rather flaming results.

"And this," said he, throwing open a door upstairs, "is my own room; number twenty-three. Upon the walls you will observe the mournful relics of a glorious past."

The ceiling was papered with silver stock certificates of the late Mexican and Rio Grande Cinnabar Grant, the walls with dark green shares of the late Los Pocos Rubber Reservation and dark red ones of the late St. Johns Blood Orange Plantation Company, while walls and ceiling were divided by a frieze of the beautiful orange-colored stock certificates of the late Yellow Streak Gold Mining Company.

"My own little idea," he explained, as Mrs. Wallingford smiled her appreciation of the grim humor and went to her own dainty apartment to remove the stains of travel. "A reminder of the happy times that once were, but that shall be no more. I have now to figure out another stunt for skinning the beloved public, and it's hard work. I wish I had your ability to dope up gaudy new boob stringers. What are you going to do with the farm, anyhow?"

"Save the farmers," replied J. Rufus Wallingford solemnly. "The farmers of the United States are the most downtrodden people in the world. The real producers of the wealth of our great nation hold the bag and the non-producers reap the golden riches of the soil. Who rises in his might and comes to their rescue? Who overturns the old order of things, puts the farmer upon a pinnacle of prosperity and places his well-deserved earnings beyond the reach of avarice and greed? Who, I ask? J. Rufus Wallingford, the friend of the oppressed and the protector of the poor!"

"Good!" responded Mr. Daw; "and the way you say it it's worse than ever. I'm in on the play, but please give me a tip before the blow-off comes, so I can leave the county."

"The county is safe," responded Mr. Wallingford. "It's nailed down. You know me, Blackie. The law and I are old college chums and we never go back on each other. I'm going to get my money out of the Chicago wheat pit, and when I get through that pit will be nothing but an empty hole. By this time next fall I'll have a clean,

"I've Coaxed a Carload of Money Out of the Farmers of This Country"

cool million, and then I can buy a stack of blue chips and sit in the big game. I'll never rest easy till I can hold a royal flush against Morgan and Rockefeller, and when I skin them all will be forgiven."

"Jump right in, Jim; the water's fine for you just now. You sell another man's patent and keep the money by a little scheme that lets you walk right past a jail without hurrying; you work up a phoney traction company and make a big real-estate clean-up on the strength of it; then, just as you're going to jump from under the boom and leave the boomers to wake up in the cold, gray dawn, along comes a live one and buys your right-of-way for another big wad! I'm not wised up yet to this new game of yours, but I've got a bet on you, J. Rufus. Go to it and win."

"It's my day to break the bank," asserted J. Rufus. "Your bet's safe. Go soak your watch and play me across the board."

The telephone bell rang and Blackie answered it.

"Come right over," he told the man at the other end of the wire. "Mr. Wallingford has arrived."

He hung up the receiver and conducted Wallingford downstairs into a well-lighted room that jutted out in an "L" from the house, with a separate outside entrance toward the rear.

"Observe the centre of a modern agriculturist's web," he declaimed. "Sit at your desk, farmer, for your working superintendent is about to call on you."

J. Rufus looked around him with vast appreciation.

"I thought I had my own ideas about looking the part," he observed, "but you have me skinned four ways from the Jack."

In the centre of the room was a large, flat-top desk, and upon it was an extension 'phone from the country line. On the other side was the desk 'phone and call-board of a private line which connected the house, the barn and a dozen fields throughout the farm. On one side wall was a roll-top desk, and this was Mr. Daw's. Opposite was another desk, for the use of the "working superintendent."

"At least one real farmer will have to be on the place," Blackie explained, "and I nabbed Hamlet Tinkle, the prize of the neighborhood. He is a graduate of an agricultural college and all the farmers think he's a joke; but I have him doped out as being able to coax more fodder from unwilling mud than any soil tickler in these parts. He helped me select the farm library."

With a grin at his own completeness of detail, Mr. Daw indicated the sectional bookcases, where stood, in neat rows, the Government reports on everything agricultural, and treatises on every farm subject under the sun from the pip to the boll weevil. Filing cases there were, and card indexes, and every luxury that has been devised for modern office work. With an amused air the up-to-date farmer was leafing through one after the other of the conglomeration of strange books, when Hamlet Tinkle was ushered in by the ever-grinning Nellie. He was a tall, big-boned fellow who had divided his time at the agricultural college between playing centre rush and studying the chemical capabilities of various soils. Just now, though the weather was bracing, he wore a broad-brimmed straw hat with the front turned up, and a flannel shirt, with no coat or vest; and he had walked two miles, from the place at which he had telephoned, in twenty-two minutes.

"Mr. Tinkle—Mr. Wallingford," said Mr. Daw. "Mr. Wallingford, this is the gentleman whom I recommend as your working superintendent."

Both Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Tinkle accepted this title with perfect gravity.

"Sit down," said Wallingford cordially, and himself took his place at the flat-top desk in the midst of the telephones and push buttons. Already he began to feel the exhilaration of his new rôle and loomed broadly above his desk, from the waist line up a most satisfying revelation to Mr. Tinkle of what the farmer of the future ought to be like. "Mr. Raven tells me," observed Mr. Wallingford, "that you are prepared to conduct this farm on scientific principles."

"Yes, sir," admitted Mr. Tinkle. "I shall be very glad to show to Truscot County what can be done with advanced methods. Father doesn't seem to care to have me try it on his farm. He says he made enough out of his own methods to send me to college and I ought to be satisfied with that."

"Your father's all right, but maybe we can teach even him some new tricks. The first question, Mr. Tinkle, is how much money you want."

"Fifteen a week and board," responded Mr. Tinkle promptly—"the seasons through."

"Fine!" assented Mr. Wallingford with a wave of the hand which indicated that fifty a week and board would have been no bar, as, indeed, it would not have been. "Consider yourself engaged from the present moment. Now let's get down to brass tacks, Mr. Tinkle. I don't know enough about farming to stuff up the middle of a cipher; I don't know which end down you plant the grains of wheat; but wheat I want, and nothing but wheat!"

Mr. Tinkle shook his head.

"How Much Money Can You be Trusted With?" Asked Wallingford Bluntly

"With Mr. Raven's permission I have been making tests of your soil," he observed. "Your northeast forty is still good for wheat and will make a good yield, possibly thirty bushels; but the southwest forty will do well if it gives you eight to ten bushels without thorough fertilization; and this will be much more expensive than planting it in some other crop for a couple of years."

"Treat it any old way to get wheat," directed Wallingford. "Wheat is what I want; all you can grow."

Mr. Tinkle hesitated. He made two or three false starts, during which his auditors waited with the patience born to those who lie in crouch for incautious money, and then displayed his altruistic youth.

"I have to tell you," he blurted. "You have here one hundred and sixty acres. Suppose that you could get the high average of thirty bushels per acre from it. Suppose you got a dollar a bushel for that wheat, your total income would still be less than five thousand dollars. You are hiring me as manager, and you will need other hands; you have a machinist, who is also to be your chauffeur, I understand; you have three house servants, and upon the scale you evidently intend to conduct this farm and your residence I judge that you cannot get along for less than eight to ten thousand a year. I am bound to tell you that I cannot see a profit for you."

"Which of these buttons calls one of the girls," asked Mr. Wallingford.

"The third button is Nellie," replied Mr. Daw gravely, and touched it.

The rosy-cheeked girl appeared instantly, giggling, as she had been from the moment Mr. Daw first engaged her.

"Bring in my grip from the hall," Mr. Wallingford directed; "the one with the labels on it."

This brought in, Mr. Wallingford extracted from it a huge bundle of documents bound with rubber bands. Unfolded, they proved to be United States Government bonds, shares of railroad stocks and of particularly stable industrials, thousands of dollars' worth of them. For Mr. Tinkle's inspection he passed over his bankbook, showing a balance of one hundred and fifty thousand.

"Wheat," cheerfully lied Mr. Wallingford, with a wave of his hand; "all wheat! Half a million dollars!"

"Speculation?" said Tinkle, with a trace of sternness.

"Investment," protested Mr. Wallingford. "I never sold; I bought, operating always upon margin sufficient for ample protection, and always upon absolute information gathered directly from the centres of production. This farm is for the purpose of bringing me more thoroughly in touch with the actual conditions that make prices. So, as you see, Mr. Tinkle, the trifling profit or loss of this venture in a business way is a mere bagatelle."

Both Mr. Daw and Mr. Tinkle were regarding Mr. Wallingford with awe and admiration, but for somewhat different reasons. Mr. Tinkle, elated, went home to get his clothes and books, and on the way he circulated the fact that the new proprietor of the old Spicer place was the greatest man on earth, with the possible exception of Theodore Roosevelt, and that he had already made half a million dollars in wheat! Ham had seen the money!

"I pass," observed Mr. Daw to Mr. Wallingford. "I'm in the kindergarten class, and I take off my lid to you as being the most valuable combination known to the history of plain or fancy robbery. You have them all beat twice around the track. You make an amateur of Ananias and a piker of Judas Iscariot."

III

IT WAS already high time for fall planting operations on the Wallingford estate, and Truscot County was a-quiver with what might be the result of the new-fangled test-tube farming that Ham Tinkle was to inaugurate. From the first moment of his hiring that young enthusiast plunged into his work with a fervor that left him a scant six hours of sleep a night.

In the mean time J. Rufus took a flying trip to Chicago, where he visited one broker's office after another. Those places with fine polished woodwork and brass trimmings and expensive leather furniture he left without even introducing himself—such stage-settings were too much in his own line of business for him not to be suspicious of them—but, finally, he wandered into the office of Fox & Fleecer, a dingy, poorly-lighted place, where gas was kept burning on old-fashioned fixtures all day long, where the woodwork was battered and blackened, where the furniture was scratched and hacked and bound together with wires to keep it intact, and where, on a cracked and splintered blackboard, one small and lazy boy posted, for a score or so of rusty men past middle age, the fluctuating figures of the Great Gamble. Mr. Fox, a placid gentleman of benevolent appearance and silvery mutton-chop whiskers, delicately blended the impressions that, while he was indeed flattered by this visit from so distinguished a gentleman, his habitual conservatism would not allow him to express his delight.

"How much money can you be trusted with?" asked Wallingford bluntly.

"I would not say, sir," rejoined Mr. Fox with no resentment whatever. "We have been thirty years in these same offices, and we never yet have had enough in our hands to make it worth while for us to quit business. Permit me to show you our books."

His ledger displayed accounts running as high as two hundred and fifty thousand dollars that had been intrusted to their care by single individuals. But thirty years in business at the same old stand! He insisted gently upon this point, and Wallingford nodded his head.

"Before I'm through I'll make all these bets look like cigar money," he asserted, "but just now I'm going to put fifty thousand in your hands, and I want it placed in exactly this way: Monday morning, with ten thousand dollars buy me one hundred thousand bushels of December wheat on a ten-cent margin. No more money will be put up on this deal, so place a stop-loss order against it. If wheat drops enough to wipe out the ten thousand dollars, all right; say nothing and report the finish of the transaction to me. I'll do my own grinning. If wheat goes up enough to leave me five cents a bushel profit, clear of commissions, close the deal and remit. On the following Monday, if wheat has gone up from the quotations of to-day, sell one hundred thousand bushels more at ten cents margin and close at a sufficient drop to net me five cents clear. If it has gone down, buy. Do this on five successive Mondays and handle each deal separately. Get me one winning out of five. That's all I want."

Mr. Fox considered deeply for a moment, carefully polishing his bald, pink scalp around and around with the palm of his hand. He gave the curious impression of being always engaged with some blandly interesting secret problem along with the business in hand.

"Very well, sir," he observed. "Fox & Fleecer never makes any promises, but if you will put your instructions into writing I will place them in the hands of our Mr. Fleecer, who conducts our board operations. He will do the best he can for you."

Mr. Wallingford looked about him for a stenographer. There was none employed here, and, sitting down to the little writing-table which was pointed out to him, he made out the instructions in long hand, while Mr. Fox polished away at his already glistening pate, still working at that blandly interesting secret problem.

Ten days later, at the test-tube farm, arrived a report from Messrs. Fox & Fleecer, inclosing their check for fifteen thousand dollars. Wheat, in the week following Mr. Wallingford's purchase, had fortunately gone up nearly six cents. This check, and the accompanying statement of the transaction which had brought it forth, Mr. Wallingford showed to Ham Tinkle, quite incidentally, of course, and Ham, in awe and enthusiasm, confided the five-thousand-dollar winning to Hiram Hines, who spread the report through Truscot County that Judge Wallingford had already made fifteen thousand dollars in wheat since he had come among them. The savings of an ordinary lifetime! The amount was fifty thousand when it reached Mapes County. Two weeks later Messrs. Fox & Fleecer reported on the second of Wallingford's deals. Wheat sold at ninety-four had dropped to eighty-eight. Luck was distinctly with J. Rufus Wallingford.

"Why, oh why, do cheap-skates sell gold bricks and good come-on men waste their talents on Broadway?"

wailed Blackie Daw. "But what's the joke, J. Rufus? I see your luck, but where do the surrounding farmers get in? Or where do you get in on the surrounding farmers? Show me. I'm an infant."

"You couldn't understand it, Blackie," said J. Rufus with condescending kindness. "The mere fact that you look on these pocket-change winnings as real money lets you out. Wait till I spring the big game."

IV

THE first winter meeting of the Philomathean Literary Society, held as usual at the Willow Creek schoolhouse, was a memorable one, for it was there that Judge Wallingford, impressively majestic in his fur-lined overcoat and quadruple-woven blue silk sweater, proposed for debate that burning question: "Resolved, That the farmer is a failure as a business man."

With much stamping and pawing of the air that subject was thrashed out by Abe Johnson and Dan Price for the affirmative, and Cal Whorley and Ed Wiggin for the negative. The farmer as a gold-brick purchaser, as prey for every class of tradesmen, as a producer who received less net profit than any other from the capital and labor invested, was presented to himself by men who knew their own grievances well, and the affirmative was carried almost unanimously. Flushed with pleasure, beaming with gratification, the most advanced farmer of them all arose in his place and requested of the worthy chairman the privilege to address the meeting, a privilege that was granted with pleasure and delight.

It was an eventful moment when J. Rufus Wallingford stalked up the middle isle, passed around the red-hot, cannon-ball stove and ascended the rostrum which had been the scene of so many impassioned addresses; and, as he turned to face them from that historic elevation, he seemed to fill the entire end of the schoolroom, to blot out not only the teacher's desk but the judges' seats, the blackboard and the four-colored map of the United States that hung upon the wall behind him. He was a fine-looking man, a solid-looking man, a gentleman of wealth and culture, who, unspoiled by good fortune, was still a brother to all men. Already he had gained that enviable reputation among them.

The First Winter Meeting of the Philomathean Literary Society was a Memorable One

Friends and neighbors and fellow-farmers, it was startling to reflect that the agriculturist was the only producer in all the world who had no voice in the price which was put upon his product! The manufacturer turned out his goods and set a price upon them and the consumer had to pay that price. And how was this done? By the throttling of competition. And how had competition been throttled? By consolidation of all the interests in any particular line of trade. Iron and steel were all controlled by one mighty corporation against which could stand no competitor. Petroleum and all its by-products were in the hands of another, and each charged what it liked. The farmer alone, after months of weary, unending toil, of exposure in all sorts of weather, of struggle against the whims of Nature and against an appalling list of possible disasters, himself hauled his output to market and meekly accepted whatever was offered him. Prices on every product of the soil were dictated by a clique of gamblers who, in all probability, had never seen wheat growing nor cattle grazing. My friends and neighbors and fellow-farmers, this so woeful condition must end! They must coöperate! Once compacted the farmers could stand together as firm as a rock, could demand a fair and reasonable and just price for their output, and get it. To-day wheat was quoted at ninety-four cents on the Chicago Board of Trade. If the farmer, however, secured eighty-two at his delivery point in actual cash he was doing well. There was no reason why the farmers should not agree to establish a standing price of a dollar and a half a bushel for wheat; and that must be their slogan. Wheat at a dollar and a half!

He was vitally interested in this project, and he was willing to spend his life and fortune for it; and, in the furtherance of it, he invited his "friends and neighbors and fellow-farmers" to assemble at his house on the following Saturday night and discuss ways and means to bring this enormous movement to a practical working basis. Incidentally he *might* find a bite and a sup and a whiff of smoke to offer them. All those who would attend would please rise in their seats.

As one man they arose, and when J. Rufus Wallingford, glowing with the immensity of his noble project, stepped down from that platform, the walls of the Willow Creek schoolhouse echoed and reechoed again with the cheers that followed his speech.

V

THE Farmers' Commercial Association! There had been farmers' affiliations without number, with motives political, economical, educational; alliances for the purchasing of supplies at wholesale and for every other purpose under the sun, but nothing like this, for, to begin with, the Farmers' Commercial Association had no initiation fee and no dues, and it had for its sole and only object the securing of a flat, uniform rate of a dollar and a half a bushel for wheat. The first meeting, attended by every able-bodied tiller of the soil in Truscot County and some even from Mapes County, was so large that there was no place in the Wallingford homestead to house it, and it had to be taken out to the great new barn, where, in the spacious aisle between stalls and mows, enthusiasm had plenty of room to soar to the rafters. One feature had stilled all doubts: J. Rufus Wallingford alone was to pay!

With a whoop the association was organized, Judge Wallingford was made its president, and with great enthusiasm was authorized to go ahead and spend all of his own money that he cared to lay out for the benefit of the association. Only one trifling duty was laid upon the members. President Wallingford introduced an endless chain letter. It was brief. It was concise. It told in the fewest possible words just why the Farmers' Commercial Association had been formed and what it was expected to do, laying especial stress upon the fact that there were to be no initiation fees and no dues, no money to be paid for anything! All that the members were to do was to join, and when enough were in, to demand one dollar and a half for their wheat. It was a glittering proposition, for there was no trouble and no expense and no risk, with much to gain. Every one of the ninety-odd who gathered that night in Wallingford's barn was to write three or more of these letters to wheat-growing acquaintances, and each recipient of a letter was told that the only thing which need be done to enroll himself as a member of the order was to write three more such letters and send in his name to Horatio Raven, Secretary.

Horatio Raven himself was there. There was a barrel of good, hard cider on tap in the barn, and every few minutes Mr. Raven could be seen conducting one or two acquaintances quietly over to the cellar, where there were other things on tap. Cigars were passed around, and the good cheer that was provided became so inextricably mingled with the enthusiasm that had been aroused, that no farmer could tell which was which. It only sufficed that when they went away each one was profoundly convinced that J. Rufus Wallingford was the Moses who should lead the farmers of America out of their financial Wilderness.

During the next two or three days nearly three hundred letters left Truscot and Mapes Counties, inviting nearly three hundred farmers in the great wheat belt, extending from the Rockies to the Appalachians, to take full sixty per cent. more for their produce than the average price they had always been receiving, to invite others to receive like benefits, and all to accept this boon without money and without price. It was personal solicitation from one man to another who knew him, and the first flood that went out reached every wheat-growing State in the Union. Within a week, names and requests for further information began pouring in upon Horatio Raven, Secretary, and the card index drawers in the filing cabinet, originally bought in jest, became of actual service. One, then two, then three girls were installed. A pamphlet was printed explaining the purpose of the Farmers' Commercial Association, and these were sent all "members," J. Rufus Wallingford furnishing both the printing and the postage.

Through the long winter the president of that great association was constantly upon the road, always in his corduroy suit and his broad felt hat, with his trousers tucked neatly into his seal-leather boots. His range was from Pennsylvania to Nebraska and from Minnesota to Texas, and everywhere his destination was some branch nucleus of the Farmers' Commercial Association where meetings had been arranged for him. Each night he addressed some body of skeptical farmers who came wondering; who saw the impressive and instantly convincing "Judge" Wallingford; who, listening, caught a touch of that magnetic thrill with which he always imbued his auditors, and who went away enthusiastic to carry to still further reaches the great work that he had planned.

By the holiday season he had visited a dozen States and had addressed nearly a hundred sub-organizations. In each of these he gave the chain letters a new start, and the December meeting of the central organization of the Farmers' Commercial Association was also a Christmas celebration in the barn of that progressive and self-sacrificing and noble farmer, J. Rufus Wallingford.

It was a huge "family affair," held two nights before Christmas so as not to interfere with the Baptist church at Three Roads or the Presbyterian church at Miller's Crossing, and the great barn was trimmed with wreaths and festoons of holly from floor to rafters. At one end was a gigantic Christmas tree, from the branches of which glowed a myriad electric lights and sparkled innumerable baubles of vivid coloring and metallic lustre. Handsome presents had been provided for every man, woman and child, and down the extent of the wide centre had been spread two enormous, long tables upon which was placed food enough to feed a small army; huge turkeys and all that went with them. At the head of the ladies' table sat Mrs. Wallingford, glittering in her diamonds, the first time she had worn them since coming into this environment, and at the head of the men's table, resplendent in a dinner coat and with huge diamond studs flashing from his wide, white shirt bosom, sat Judge J. Rufus Wallingford, president of the vast Farmers' Commercial Association.

He was flushed with triumph, and he told them so at the proper moment. Beyond his most sanguine hopes the Farmers' Commercial Association had spread and flourished in every State, nay, in every community where wheat was grown, and the time was rapidly approaching when the farmer, now turned business man, would be able to get the full value of his investment of money, time and toil. Moreover, they would destroy the birds of prey, feathers, bones and beaks, fledglings, eggs and nests.

Around the table, at this point, Horatio Raven, Secretary, passed a sheaf of reports upon the various successful

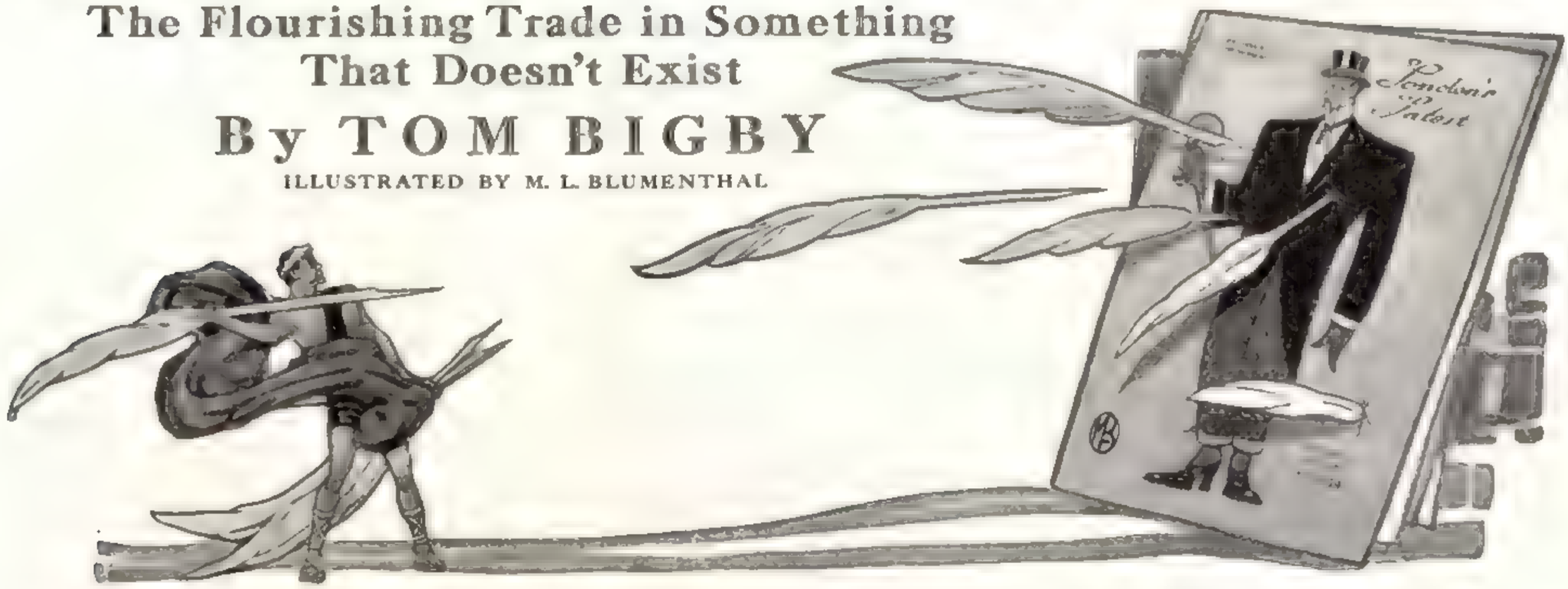
(Continued on Page 25)

"LONDON FASHIONS"

The Flourishing Trade in Something That Doesn't Exist

By TOM BIGBY

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



THIS will be frankly an exposure. It lays bare for the first time the inner workings of a monopoly of international proportions. Nothing is withheld. Publicity's full white light is turned into the dark corners of one of the most astounding impositions of modern civilization.

The present writer went to England in a constructive spirit, resolved to study what was good, and to be tolerant of what was bad. He was determined that even the House of Lords should be immune.

The Lords are the first institution attacked by the Yankee journalist in England. No logic upholds the Lords. They have no rights anybody need respect. They serve just one useful purpose—that of occasionally saving England as pins save the lives of people who don't swallow them. For half the reforms of the past century have been carried into effect by the British because they knew the Lords were agin 'em. Except as an irritant the Lords have no reason for existence. They merely exist. Anybody may freely attack them.

The present scribe blinked the Lords.

Even when the City Corporation loomed up as an ugly fact, he blinked that, too. The City Corporation is, in some ways, the tightest little trust of all times and countries. Yet the determination held to seek only what was good and sweet, manly and just, in English life. It held until chance brought to the surface a British institution that has thus far escaped the muck-rake.

That institution is "London Fashions."

The American bound for London anticipates marvelous clothes. He expects that everywhere he will rub elbows with gentlemen who are, as the British say, "Got up regardless." He sincerely believes that London will be peopled with Englishmen who dress as Henry James writes.

The whole trend of his thinking about London from a distance has led him to infer that to do business with a Briton you must dress in the frock coat and top-hat sacred in America to the State Senator.

The Worship of the Fashion-Plate

HIS Sunday paper has warned him, again and again, that evening clothes are insisted upon in London theatres and restaurants. He knows that he will be denied admission unless Correct. He is prepared to tolerate this. Nay, he demands it as a right. Many the Yankee, a sturdy passive resister to the spread of the "dress suit" in his own democratic country, submits to the inevitable in starting for England, and takes along his first clawhammer outfit.

And oh! the prestige of the London fashion-plate!

It comes like a Royal decree from Saville Row, and spreads over the American continent until one sees it in every tailor's window. On Fifth Avenue it forms the only decoration behind plate-glass bearing the awesome words "Also in London," or sometimes "Londres et Paris." You find it, too, in remotest Jimville, stuck crookedly in a fly-specked frame in the window of Cohen's One-Price Toggery Shop, flanked with reliable men's furnishings. Every American manufacturer in the men's clothing industry takes this London fashion-plate. Every American trade journal dealing with that industry has its monthly letter from London, interpreting the modes laid down in the current fashion-plate. On top of this there is the domestic fashion-plate, published in this country on English lines. All the tailors, manufacturers and cutters take the latter as well.

Never for a moment do the gilded youth of New York doubt but that, in some mysterious way, the stiff tin-clad gentlemen in the London fashion-plate in the window have a direct influence on the clothes they order of the Fifth Avenue tailor.

The plain pee-pul in Jimville believe this just as firmly. Not for the world would they wear one of those tin-clad suits. But they assume that Jake Cohen knows his business, and will adopt from the London fashion-plate whatever is essential for Jimville.

So long as that picture is in the window, New York and Jimville are assured that the clothes they wear are Correct.

Now, as a matter of confidence, neither Jimville nor Fifth Avenue ever takes this picture out of the window, once it is in, except to replace it with a new one. Then they throw the old away. The cutter in a big American clothing factory probably throws it away in its wrapper. He has no window. He is paid ten thousand a year to design models that will be reproduced to clothe men in a dozen States. He cuts them to fit human beings—not British gentlemen made of tin.

When the Yankee goes to London he expects to step into a world where all the males wear the clothes shown in the London fashion-plates. Fancy his amazement, therefore, when he discovers that the British pay no more attention to these pictures than Jimville, and for three excellent reasons:

First.—No London tailor can make clothes like those in the pictures.

Second.—If some tailor could, no Englishman would wear them.

Third.—Were some Englishman willing, the British climate prohibits.

Chivalry in 1847

A Fashion Centre Without Fashions

THIS London fashion-plate is entirely a self-contained, self-supporting product, manufactured by a carefully organized separate industry that has no bearing whatever on the clothes industries of either England or America. And its manufacture is a profitable little monopoly, based on the superstition of the public that there is such a thing as the London fashion, and upon the immemorial tradition of the tailoring trade in this country, and England, too, that it must be kept track of.

John Bull makes the fashion-plate.

We give it most of its prestige.

He makes it in some narrow street of the City, and so quietly that, if one were to ask a Londoner where it came from, he would rawther fawncy from Brummagem, don't yer know?—like the 'eathen idols for the African trade. As a matter of fact, several firms in the City turn out these singular pictures. But only one firm's product is accepted as authoritative. That is naturally the oldest concern, being British, and it also employs an artist said to be the only man at the business who can draw an English gentleman and make him look more than a "gent." Competing fashion-plates do not count. Every British tailor takes the authoritative one, and puts it into his window, like Cohen. Then, when he cuts clothes for the Squire, he makes up something else.

At home the British fashion-plate is a harmless, necessary trifle.

When it comes to us, though, we give it a setting of publicity.

Prestige is conferred upon it by the men's fashion departments in our magazines, the fashion notes in our newspapers, the cabled decrees from London, telling "What is Being Worn." Really, nothing is being worn in London. Likewise, everything is being worn. An Englishman at home wears a straw hat all the year round. More than that—he will land in New York in October wearing one. What subsequently becomes of him on Broadway is not ascertainable—we keep no statistics of this class of imports. Now and then Englishmen wearing straw hats in New York in December have been reported as safely riding up and down Fifth Avenue on an omnibus. But these are isolated rumors, never subjected to scientific verification. They may be Nature-fakes.

No—there are no London fashions.

And we pretend that we copy them.

There is no real British fashion intelligence.

We keep close track of it.

If London were wearing anything we couldn't wear it here. Yet the transmission and publication of London fashion news is, with us, an important industry, and

our consumption of British fashion-plates represents a tidy revenue; and we take both and think they are very necessary to our well-being, and, having taken and paid for them, we ignore both!

Some years ago a New York publisher of a journal going to the clothing trade hit upon an idea that was revolutionary. Why not publish every month a real fashion letter from London written by a real Englishman?

Up to that time our clothes' decrees from Rotten Row and Pall Mall had either been cabled by the American newspaper correspondents in London, who didn't know clothes, or written by clothes authorities in Brooklyn, who didn't know London. Why not have the real thing?

He went to a friend in New York who knows London well, asking him to suggest some person over there who could furnish such a letter. The friend knew no one, but gave the address of a Londoner who might send him to a competent party. The publisher took the next steamer to see this man. When the matter was explained, however, the Londoner frankly said he couldn't call to mind anybody in England who could furnish English fashion news—really, what an unusual idea!

"Well, then, couldn't you write it yourself?" asked the publisher.

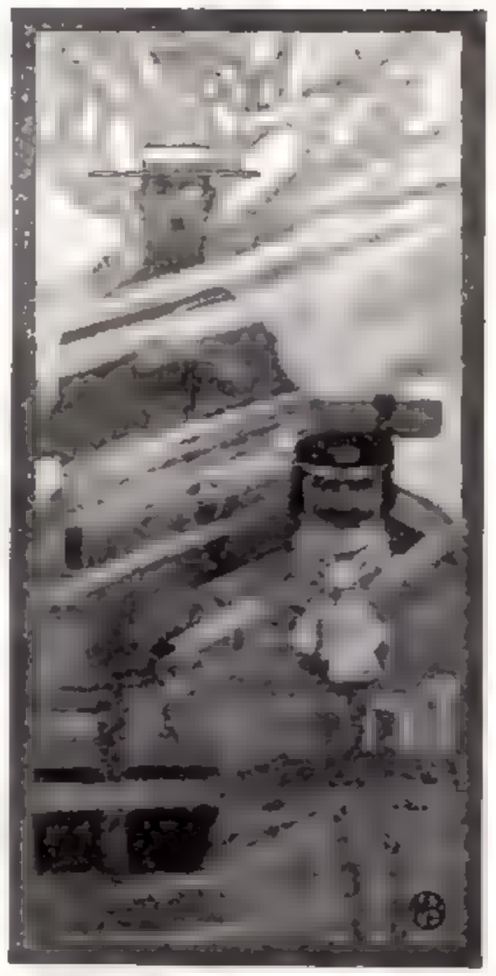
"But I don't know anything about men's fashions," said the Londoner.

"You don't need to," insisted the publisher. "Our people at home who write about them now don't know anything, either. If you knew everything about fashions, and put it all in your letters, nobody in America would act on your suggestions. Try it."

"Why—er—well, you're a friend of Blank's, and a good fellow, too," consented the Londoner. "I *will* have a go at it until you can find some person who really knows."

This accommodating Londoner is still writing fashion notes. He knows no more about the subject than he did when he began, and admits it. But since then he has become a formidable authority on London men's fashions. Time and again he has tried to resign, pleading lack of knowledge, boredom with the whole bally thing, other engagements. But the New York publisher won't let him off. He says the stuff has now become indispensable, and that nobody in England could furnish better.

The Way to Sink Yankee Individuality



Riding Up Fifth Avenue in December

The Round Trip of the Fashion Letter

AFTER these fashion letters had been running in New York some months a London publisher, issuing a tailoring trade journal, went to their author and asked him to do something similar for him.

His compatriot looked serious.

"But, I say, my dear sir, what will do very well for America ——"

"That's what I want, exactly," said the London publisher.

"It will cost you something," warned the author.

"I don't care what it costs - blow pounds, shillings, pence."

And so the monthly men's fashion letter from London returned to London by way of New York, and is taken in much the same spirit—that is, thousands read its rulings, and nobody follows them.

Because of the general fit, style and excellence of his clothes, the Yankee is known afar off by every Londoner. A Billingsgate navvy will stand in the cage of the Monument and pick out one American in the human tide two hundred feet below—"Do you know him, sir?" A London cabby, dozing on the hackney rank, wakes and fidgets expectantly in his seat the moment a person wearing those clothes comes in sight. The only way to sink a Yankee individuality in London is to patronize a London tailor. He can sink anything.

As he walks about London in his trim store clothes, the Yankee represents a men's clothing industry here at home with a yearly output exceeding three hundred and fifty millions.

John Bull, in his topper and frock coat, represents—what? An industry largely gone to seed because its products have become standardized—a clothing trade that is all very well when it comes to making uniforms for the Japanese and Russian armies in the field, and all wrong when it comes to laying down a representative modern product.

John Bull weaves much of the cloth for our clothing. He makes the best cloth in the world. Textiles are his greatest industry. Two-fifths of the world's cotton crop goes to his mills, with a hundred thousand tons of flax, twice as much wool—hemp, jute, silk and other fibres. He makes most of the world's textile machinery, too.

He can assuredly make cloth.

But he doesn't know how to make *clothes*.

Wearing Uniforms Instead of Clothes

HE CAN'T make them for men, and he can't make them for women or children, and admits it when you show him, professionally, a suit cut and tailored in an American clothing factory. The London County Council has officially recognized that he can't, and is establishing schools to teach tailoring and dressmaking, in the hope that he may do it in another generation.

The American clothing manufacturer will fit ninety-five per cent. of all the men in a given State, and never take the trouble to measure one of them. But if all the tailors in London measured one man it is doubtful whether they would fit him. John Bull hasn't any fashions. He wears a uniform instead, and, in turning out this gentlemanly uniform the past two generations, the British tailor has forgotten how to make clothes.

John Bull imagines that this formal uniform of his, the frock coat and top-hat, is eminently British. As a matter of fact, however, it was made originally in Germany, and appeared with Prince Albert. Some of us still call that sort of a coat a "Prince Albert." When the Prince died the uniform stuck for nearly fifty years, under a feminine reign, and was the only field in which the British tailor attempted to exercise art. All other clothes were relegated into the informal, and nobody paid any attention to making them well. This uniform of British respectability became the shroud of what might have been an industry.

Fortunately, under the present reign, John Bull is doffing it. The top-hat is no longer essential in British business. The frock coat is being abandoned by society and the canvasser. Indeed, when you meet a man wearing this uniform nowadays in the City, chances are ten to one he has something to sell. Provisionally, until his tailors learn how to make clothes of other kinds, John Bull in his daily business grind wears the most outrageous motley of lounge suits, outing suits, knickerbockers, golf clothes and tweeds.

He has long forgotten how to wear colors, but is going in for them just the same. He has long adapted his habits to the reserve and respectability of his uniform, and thus London hesitated to be seen on the streets in the evening, and was a cemetery Sundays. But now its streets are even gay, and there is a night life, and a new era has begun.

The renaissance comes in slowly, however.

If the London tailor *could* produce garments of American quality to-day, the London County Council would still have to educate the average Englishman to wear them. For, where the Yankee values appearance in dress, the Briton is almost dead to it. A Yankee will choose appearance before quality where he can't afford both. Following the recent bank runs, half the clothing houses in New York came out with cut-price advertising in which the general theme was, "Stop thinking about panics and spruce up!" But the Englishman has a national clothes-philosophy that excludes appearance, and it dies hard. Clothes, he reasons, are to keep him warm and dry. How they look is nobody's affair, least of all his own. Around his house he builds a ten-foot wall, topped with broken bottles, to exclude the public gaze. And upon his person he has, for two generations, been draping his "Prince Albert" of standardized cut, color and cloth, and crowning himself with a two-dollar-and-a-half topper, and these are intended to exclude the public gaze, too. He feels wholly incog. and in mufti as he goes about the streets of London in an impersonal crowd of compatriots similarly disguised.

Under such a tradition, fancy the chances of selling him a pair of wide silk laces, at a shilling, to go with his new summer shoes!

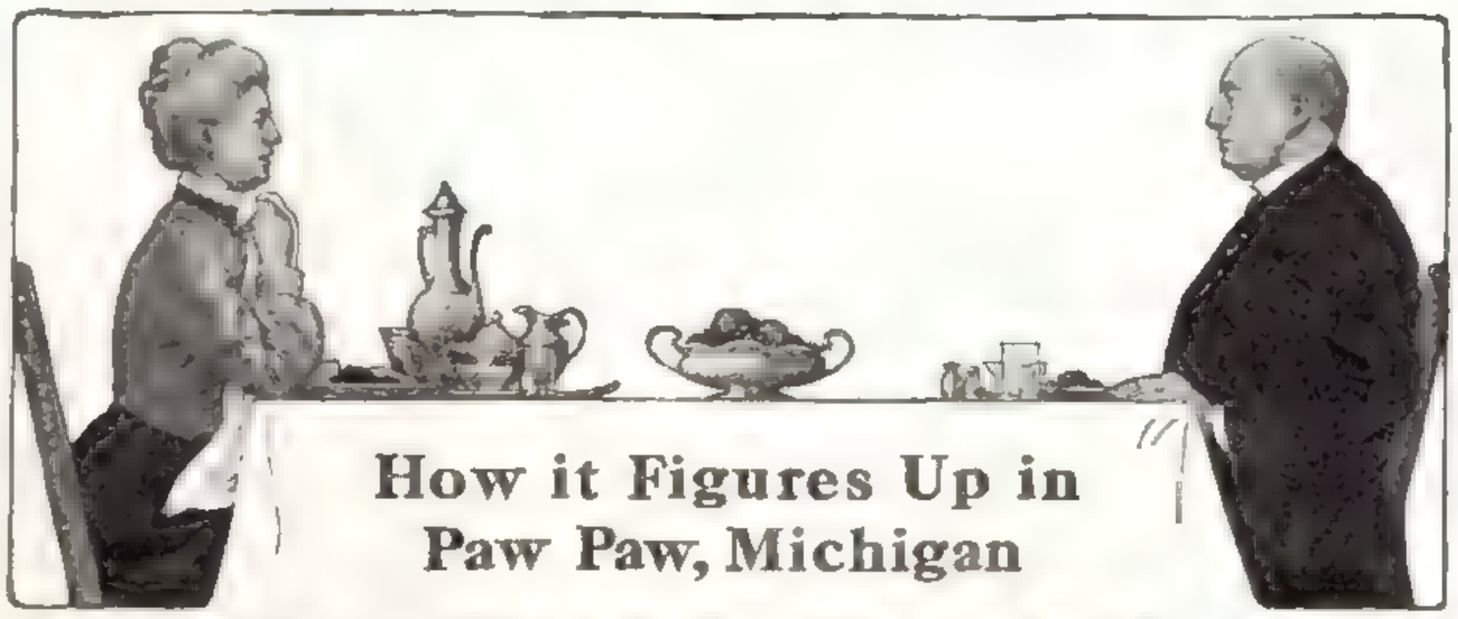
The Best-Dressed People on Parade

THE Briton has quite a pathetic loyalty to the clothes displayed by his nobility and gentry at certain fashionable race-meets. He warns you that, of all the sights in London, you must not miss—really, you know, it is quite representative!—the church parade in Hyde Park on a summer Sunday, weather permitting. He speaks of the clothes to be seen there as a Californian speaks of his climate—"The best-dressed men and women you will find anywhere in the world!"

(Concluded on Page 30)

The American Bound for London Anticipates Marvelous Clothes

THE COST OF LIVING



How it Figures Up in Paw Paw, Michigan

By WILL PAYNE

PAW PAW, Michigan, is, in a way, bigger than Chicago. It contained at the last census 1800 souls. Other souls, raising fruit, grain, hay, poultry and vegetables, dwell around about it. Over a third of the population of the United States is rural. That is, the number of Americans who live a good deal as the people of Paw Paw and their neighbors do much exceeds the number who live a good deal as the people of Chicago do. Paw Paw's economic experience is quite as important as Chicago's—but very little is heard of it.

A business census is easily taken. One has only to walk up three blocks of Main Street, with a short look down two side streets. There are two banks, two newspapers, two hotels and two barber-shops; also, two dentists, four doctors and nine lawyers. After that the boundaries which, in the census tables, separate one gainful occupation from another are not so strictly kept. There are six groceries, if you choose so to class them; but three of them sell drugs, too; two have meat markets; one purveys stationery, hardware and garden implements. There are six establishments mainly engaged with dry goods or clothing, but having various side lines. One of the furniture dealers attends to the undertaking. One of the jewelers is the principal bookseller. A tobacconist is depended upon to post baseball scores every afternoon during the season, and results of the big football matches. Loyalty wavers somewhat between the Detroit and the Chicago nines, but if the Ann Arbor eleven is beaten disappointment is universal.

The number of small independent businesses strikes one. Of bakeries and restaurants on or near Main Street there are five, while three separate establishments appeal entirely to the more frivolous wants, carrying candy, doilies, Chinese lanterns, vases and the like incidental articles. There are two millinery shops and three dressmakers, two poolrooms and two justices of the peace. There is not just one of anything except the railroad and the jail. Both these exceptions are unpopular.

Unless the two flour and grist mills—run by water-power and doing a local trade—be so classed, there is no manufacturing. Except food, everything is brought in from the big markets, and all the wealth comes directly out of the soil.

This soil—thirty miles east from the shore of Lake Michigan—is in the main sandy. Formerly the farmers tried to raise grain upon it in competition with the fat acres of Minnesota and Nebraska, and sheep in competition with the waste lands of Montana and Wyoming. Neither paid very well; so in the last dozen years they have turned increasingly to fruit. Now, in a fair year, three small stations within a five-mile radius, of which Paw Paw is largest, ship two thousand cars of grapes.

Ten years ago the grapes were marketed to poor advantage. "The great trouble," says Mr. Wildey, manager of the fruit-growers' association, "was that commission men would keep on soliciting consignments whether they had a good market for them or not. So the farmers' grapes were very often arriving on an overstocked market and being dumped for whatever they would fetch. That made the grower rather careless. He didn't always take as much pains as he should to send his fruit out in the best condition. What was in poor condition hurt the reputation of the grapes."

Putting the Farms on a Paying Basis

THEN the farmers formed an association, which of late years has marketed most of the crop. The association inspects the fruit to see that it is up to the standard of condition, and properly packed. Through the season it keeps in touch by wire with Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Fargo, Des Moines, Lincoln, Omaha, St. Louis, Kansas City, and sends the fruit only where a favorable sale is assured. Ten years ago, when the farmer finally got his check from the commission man, he sometimes found that it figured out only five or six cents for an eight-pound basket. Now he counts on getting about twelve cents net and is seldom disappointed.

The grapes go as far as Texas and Montana. Even somewhat nearer home than that, when freight and middlemen's profits are added, the consumer at retail pays twenty-five to thirty-five cents for an eight-pound basket, and there is no oversupply. Just how much good times may have to do with this eager demand for fruit remains to be seen. This year the fruit crop was a failure except in the most favored localities. No grapes were sent out of Paw Paw at less than twenty cents a basket net to the grower, and at that price there were not nearly enough to go around.

"I had a good yield of peaches in quantity," said a farmer, "but the quality was mighty poor. They didn't ripen well; looked green and tasted about like a turnip. I didn't sell any at less than three dollars and a half a bushel. It was a shame to take such a price for the stuff; seemed a good deal like picking a blind man's pocket. But those folks in Chicago would have 'em; kept calling for more. They must have money to burn."

The Small Farm Predominant in Michigan

FOR a time, also, there was sore trouble with Armour cars and icing charges. Mr. Wildey, on behalf of the association, once offered the agent a bonus of ten dollars a car for every carload of fruit shipped out of Paw Paw if he would simply withdraw his private cars from the field. The agent, however, rejected the offer. He could do better—having an exclusive contract with the Pere Marquette. Paw Paw is situated on what was a branch of that road. Last year the Michigan Central, four miles away, put on its own refrigerator cars, charging only for the actual amount of ice consumed. This year nearly all the fruit went over the Michigan Central, and icing charges were thirty to fifty per cent. of what they had been under the private car monopoly.

From eighty to ninety per cent. of the farms hereabouts, according to those in the best position to judge, are worked by the owners. At the last census the average Michigan farm was about the smallest in the West—eighty-six acres, against one hundred and twenty-four acres in Illinois, ninety-seven in Indiana, one hundred and fifty-one in Iowa, and on up to three hundred and ninety-seven acres in California. In the fruit belt the average holding is below the State average. The great demand of late has been for twenty to twenty-five acre tracts. Such a tract—about two-thirds in fruit and the remainder in pasture, and about enough grain land to furnish food and feed for the farm—one family can work handily, with some help spring and fall. Eighty dollars net is not an uncommon yield from an acre of grapes in a fair year. Good land which, ten years ago, when devoted to sheep and grain, sold for fifty dollars an acre—if anybody could be found to buy it—now, set out to fruit in bearing, fetches a hundred and fifty dollars an acre. The last three or four years scores of Chicago families have returned to the simple life on twenty-acre fruit farms hereabouts. If, peradventure, they invested in a piece of low land—where grapes will not grow except in the most favorable seasons—the living has been even simpler than they reckoned upon. To insure success the farm must be prudently selected.

"To drive over some pieces of this country ten years ago," said a merchant, "would make you sick. There were stretches that looked half-deserted. You could buy a good horse for fifty dollars in real money."

Undoubtedly the country has prospered in this decade. The two banks now hold upward of five hundred thousand dollars deposits, against two hundred thousand ten years ago, and a big part of it is farmers' money. In town and country most of the houses look decidedly comfortable.

But here, as everywhere else, prosperity has not been one-sided. Whether fifty dollars for a horse is preferable to a hundred and fifty or a hundred and seventy-five depends, of course, upon whether you are buying or selling. Ten years ago you could get a good hired man for fourteen to fifteen dollars a month and board. Now you have to pay twenty-five dollars, sometimes thirty.

The effect upon female labor has been even more marked. There is, of course, no servant problem, for there are no servants. You might as well look for a knight errant as for a parlor-maid. The hired girl is "help." Ten years ago you could get one for a dollar and a half to two dollars a week, and she did all the work. Nowadays you are lucky to find one at three dollars to three and a half, even when you put the washing and ironing out. If she does all the work she will demand four to four and a half—almost as much as a hired man. Indeed, five dollars is not unheard of.

Grape culture demands much female labor. In the spring there is "tying"—that is, fastening the trimmed vines to the wire trellis. For this a girl gets a dollar and a quarter a day—or ten shillings, as the commoner phrase is. In the fall the ripe grapes, being picked, are carted to the farm "packing-house." There, half a dozen to a dozen women, seated at long tables, sort and pack the grapes in standard eight-pound baskets. Wives and daughters, not only of the working farmers, but of those comparative aristocrats who live in town and merely oversee their land, engage in it. Other young ladies from town often lend a hand. For this quite agreeable labor, with all the sociable air of a quilting bee, a girl gets a dollar and a half or even a dollar-seventy-five a day. "And," as one of them observed, "she ain't anybody's hired girl, either."

It is decidedly the consensus of female opinion that eight to ten dollars a week for several weeks, and no shadow of social disability therewith, is preferable to four dollars a week all the time and that slight flavor of inferiority which attaches even to "help" that eats with the family and is regularly introduced to all guests.

Ten years ago one could hire a good carpenter or mason for a dollar and a half or two dollars a day. Now the full-fledged mechanic in those lines asks three dollars to three and a half. But a good deal of carpentry and masonry is achieved by mechanics who are not, strictly speaking, full-fledged. Men who are naturally handy with tools will do the simpler jobs very well at two dollars or two and a half.

A labor union, of course, is unknown. An overwhelming majority of the people hereabout eat their bread in the sweat of their brows; yet, so far as there is any labor question, a majority view it from the point of view and the experience of employer rather than of employee. A suspicion that labor unions are a lazy man's device appears to be quite commonly held.

Main Food Supplies of Home Production

MANY of the staple food articles are produced locally. Pork, mutton, and most of the beef is home-killed; but the choicer cuts of beef generally come from the Kalamazoo depot of the Chicago packers. Raising beef for market is not a local industry, and the milch cows that are offered to the butcher sometimes turn out unhappily in the matter of sirloin and porterhouse. The two mills supply a considerable part of the wheat flour. Poultry, butter, eggs and vegetables are practically all domestic. Prices of these articles range well below those quoted in the city, and have been much less strongly affected by the prosperous times than the city prices have been. Fresh meats at retail, for example, average hardly twenty-five per cent. higher than ten years ago. Butter and eggs, for which there is a constant city demand, are quite fifty per cent. higher. The farmer, of course, eats his own vegetables, eggs and poultry. Mostly he slaughters his own pig in early winter and puts down a supply of lard and pork. Many townfolk draw largely from their own vegetable gardens. In short, the cost of living has been much less influenced by the general rise of commodity prices than in the city.

The things that come from the big markets have simply followed the well-known curve of wholesale prices. The stove that was fourteen dollars is now twenty. The hoe that was thirty-five cents is now fifty. Not so many years ago this was still something of a lumber region. There are now old rail fences of good black walnut. Perhaps the advance that has made the greatest impression is in that line. Ten years ago the best shingles retailed at two dollars a thousand. They are now four dollars and a half. Studding and joist were then ten dollars; now twenty-four. White pine flooring was fourteen; now thirty-five. Lathe that then sold at a dollar-ninety now brings five and a half. Sheathing lumber that was ten is now twenty-two. The house will cost more than double what it did ten years ago.

There has not been a proportionate advance in rent, because there is neither the supply nor the demand upon which a stable market can be established. Probably two-thirds of the townfolk own their homes, and the price of rent is modified by the fact that there is always, of some sort or other, one house too many; just as, on Main Street, ever since a building boom, the date of which is somewhat obscure, there has always been one empty store-room. Perhaps it would represent the situation to say that the comfortable eight-room house that one now pays ten dollars a month for he could have got for seven ten years ago. That would be without modern conveniences. When it comes to houses for rent with modern conveniences, one cannot avoid being personal, for there is, I believe, only one such.

Modern conveniences mean a furnace, city water and city electric lights. Add the ancient conveniences of a yard, beautiful shade trees, peace, sweet air and pretty prospects from the windows, and you have a sum of conveniences which few, except with long purses, can achieve in the real city. The city water costs, for an eight-room house, four to five dollars a year. For the same house city electric lights cost about a dollar a month. The telephone—no toll charge for messages within the county—is a dollar and a quarter a month, either in town or on the farm.

One hears at present much complaint of the times. Not because commodity prices have advanced the last decade, nor because there was a bankers' panic in October; but because the fruit crop this year was poor.

Compared with the city, living is very much cheaper and very much simpler. Everybody knows everybody else, his wife and children; just about what his income is, how much he is in debt, how he votes, and whether he is cross to his family. Nearly everybody is a proprietor, and quite conservative in politics. On rare occasions, during a campaign, appears a person bearing the strange name of Socialist and speaking earnestly about the dispossessed proletariat and the class struggle. He is listened to, if at all, with mild amusement; for there is nothing in the local experience by which he can be understood. Here is no dispossessed proletariat, but only old Bill Heisen, who is incurably lazy, and the Gallagher boys, who are tipsy. Capital has done nothing to them. There are no classes, one divided against the other, unless the Presbyterian Sunday-school class and the Baptist could be so regarded.

The Proletarian Possibilities of Kalamazoo

PAW PAW'S nearest wholesale point is Kalamazoo. By the old territorial road Kalamazoo is seventeen miles distant. Economically it is about half-way to Chicago. It is an old, a substantial and a pretty town—when one gets away from the business district. Some quite venerable fortunes, derived from the early lumber trade, are located there. Millionaires, or those ranked at that figure by common report, are fairly common. The celery industry was famous long ago. But of late years there has been an important change. The Federal census of 1890 gave a population of 17,853; that of 1900 showed 24,404. The State census of 1904 reported 29,973 inhabitants. Based on the school census of 1907 the Board of Trade estimates a present population of 38,000—and the only local criticism of this estimate is that it may err on the side of conservatism. No doubt the population has doubled since 1890. The last decade several extensive manufactories have located here, and many lesser ones, bringing in some thousands of wage-earners.

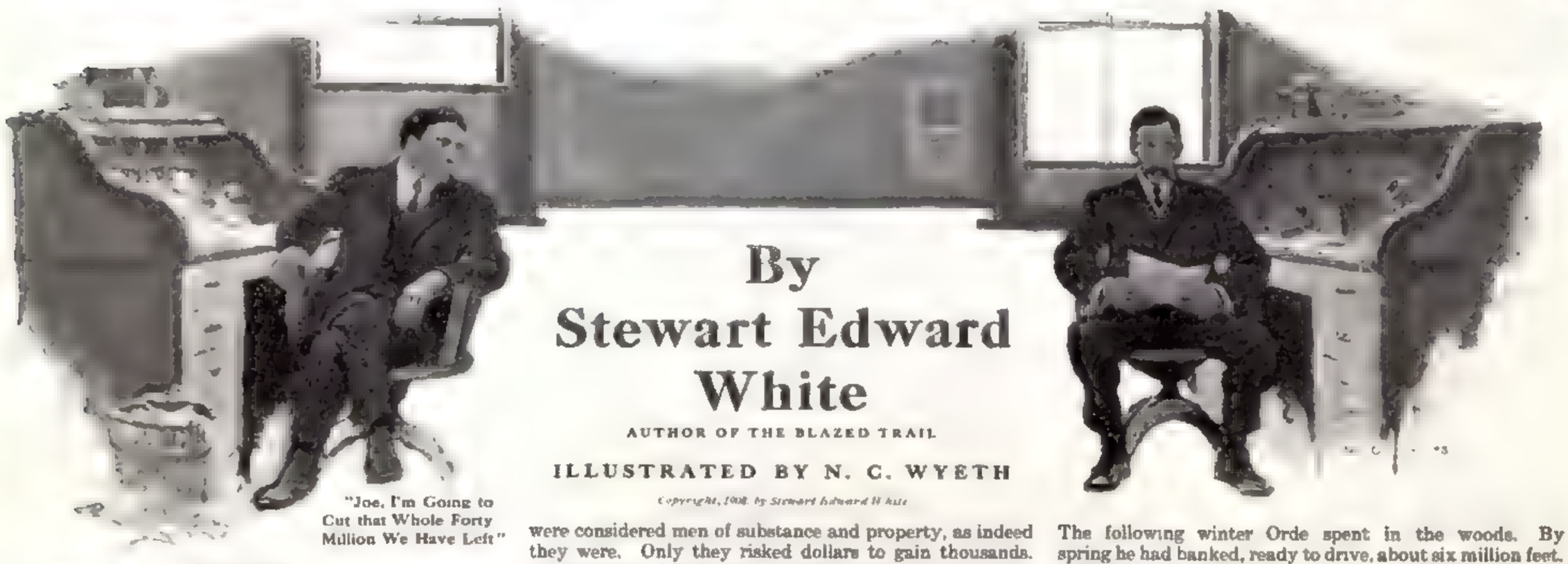
There are one hundred and eighty factories of which the State labor bureau takes cognizance, and the whole number of employees exceeds nine thousand. The average working day for the whole number is nine hours, and the average daily wage is $1.81—or about ten per cent. below the average wage of the industrial population of Chicago in 1905, as shown by the Federal census.

From this statement—about a quarter of the population industrially employed at an average wage of eleven dollars a week—any Socialist in good standing will recognize that Kalamazoo has already what ought logically to be the making of a proletariat, a class division and all the typical big-city improvements upon that simple democracy which one finds at Paw Paw.

Along the older, choicer residence streets are mansions, in ample grounds, with the tower or the cupola by which you can tell in any Northern town, that the best families were building in the late sixties or early seventies. To count the towers and the cupolas is to discover what was the town's social status in the decade following the Civil War. And in another old part of Kalamazoo are the celery farms—several hundred of them, of two or three acres each—which also belong to the former régime. Celery culture has always been in the hands of the Hollanders—small, independent proprietors. A family, with much manual labor, gets a very good living from a couple of acres. The annual crop is valued at a million to a million and a half dollars. During the season seven carloads of celery a day go out by express—helping to make Kalamazoo the second city in the State in the matter of express tonnage.

(Continued on Page 38)

THE PARTNERS



"Joe, I'm Going to Cut that Whole Forty Million We Have Left"

By Stewart Edward White

AUTHOR OF THE BLAZED TRAIL

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

Copyright, 1908, by Stewart Edward White

CHAPTER IX

IN THE course of the next eight years Newmark and Orde floated high on that flood of apparent prosperity that attends a business well conceived and passably well managed. The Boom and Driving Company made money, of course, for, with the margin of fifty per cent. or thereabouts necessitated by the temporary value of the improvements, good years could hardly fail to bring good returns. This, it will be remembered, was a stock company. With the profits from that business the two men embarked in a separate co-partnership. They made money at this, too, but the burden of debt necessitated by new ventures, constantly weighted by the heavy interest demanded at that time, kept affairs on the ragged edge.

In addition, both Orde and Newmark were more inclined to extension of interests than to "playing safe." The assets gained in one venture were promptly pledged to another. The ramifications of debt, property, mortgages and expectations overlapped each other in an inextricable cobweb of interests.

Orde lived at ease in a new house of some size surrounded by grounds. He kept two servants; a blooded team of horses drew the successor to the original buckboard. Newmark owned a sail-yacht of five or six tons, in which, quite solitary, he took his only pleasure. Both were considered men of substance and property, as indeed they were. Only they risked dollars to gain thousands. A succession of bad years, a panic-contraction of money markets, any one of a dozen possible, though not probable, contingencies, would render it difficult to meet the obligations which constantly came due, and which kept Newmark busy devising ways and means of meeting. If things went well—and it may be remarked that legitimately they should—Newmark and Orde would some day be rated among the millionaire firms. If things went ill, bankruptcy could not be avoided. There was no middle ground. Nor were Orde and his partner unique in this; practically every firm then developing or exploiting the natural resources of the country found itself in the same case.

Immediately after the granting of the charter to drive the river the partners had offered them an opportunity of acquiring about thirty million feet of timber remaining from Morrison & Daly's original holdings. That firm was very anxious to begin development on a large scale of its Beeson Lake properties in the Saginaw waters. Daly proposed to Orde that he take over the remnant; and, having confidence in the young man's abilities, agreed to let him have it on long-time notes. After several consultations with Newmark, Orde finally completed the purchase. Below the booms they erected a mill, the machinery for which they had also bought of Daly at Redding. The following winter Orde spent in the woods. By spring he had banked, ready to drive, about six million feet.

For some years these two sorts of activity gave the partners about all they could attend to. As soon as the drive had passed Redding, Orde left it in charge of one of his foremen, while he divided his time between the booms and the mill. Late in the year his woods trips began, the tours of inspection, of surveying for new roads, the inevitable preparation for the long winter campaigns in the forest. As soon as the spring thaws began, once more the drive demanded his attention. And in marketing the lumber, manipulating the firm's financial affairs, collecting its dues, paying its bills, making its purchases, and keeping oiled the intricate bearing points of its office machinery, Newmark was busy—and invaluable.

At the end of the fifth year the opportunity came, through a combination of a bad debt and a man's death, to get possession of two lake schooners. Orde at once suggested the contract for a steam barge. Towing was then in its infancy. The bulk of lake traffic was by means of individual sailing ships, a method uncertain as to time. Orde thought that a steam barge could be built powerful enough not only to carry its own hold and deck loads, but to tow after it the two schooners. In this manner the crews could be reduced; and an approximate date of delivery could be guaranteed. Newmark agreed with him. Thus the firm, in accordance with his prophecy, went into

the carrying trade, for the vessels more than sufficed for its own needs. The freighting of lumber added much to the income; and the carrying of machinery and other heavy freight on the return trip grew every year.

But by far the most important acquisition was that of the Northern Peninsula timber. Most operators called the white pine along and back from the river inexhaustible. Orde did not believe this. He saw the time, not far distant, when the world would be compelled to look elsewhere for its lumber supply; and he turned his eyes to the almost unknown North. After a long investigation through agents, and a month's land-looking on his own account, he located and purchased three hundred million feet. This was to be paid for, as usual, mostly by the firm's notes, secured by its other property. It would become available only in the future; but Orde believed, as indeed the event justified, this future would prove to be not so distant as most people supposed.

As these interests widened, Orde became more and more immersed in them. He was forced to be away all of every day and more than the bulk of every year. Nevertheless his home life did not suffer for it.

To Carroll he was always the same big, hearty, whole-souled boy she had first learned to love. She had all his confidence. If this did not extend into business affairs it was because Orde had always tried to get away from them when at home. At first Carroll had attempted to keep in the current of her husband's activities, but as the latter broadened in scope and became more complex, she perceived that their explanation wearied him. She grew out of the habit of asking him about them. Soon their rapid advance had carried them quite beyond her horizon. To her also, as to most women, the word "business" connoted nothing but a turmoil and a mystery.

In all other things they were to each other what they had been from the first. No more children had come to them. Bobby, however, had turned out a sturdy, honest little fellow, with more than a streak of his mother's charm and intuition. His future was the subject of all Orde's plans.

"I want to give him all the chance there is," he explained to Carroll. "A boy ought to start where his father left off, and not have to do the same thing all over again. But being a rich man's son isn't much of a job."

"Why don't you let him continue your business?" smiled Carroll, secretly amused at the idea of the small person before them ever doing anything.

"By the time Bobby's grown up this business will all be closed out," replied Orde seriously.

He continued to look at his minute son with puckered brow until Carroll smoothed out the wrinkles with the tips of her fingers.

"Of course, having only a few minutes to decide," she mocked, "perhaps we'd better make up our minds right now to have him a street-car driver."

"Yes!" agreed Bobby unexpectedly and with emphasis.

CHAPTER X

THREE years after this conversation, which would have made Bobby just eight, Orde came back before six of a summer evening, his face alight with satisfaction.

He believed he had found the opportunity—twenty years distant—for which he had been looking so long.

Later in the evening Orde and his wife sat together on the top step. He slipped his arm about her. They said nothing, but breathed deep of the quiet happiness that filled their lives.

The gate latch clicked, and two shadowy figures defined themselves approaching up the concrete walk.

"Hallo!" called Orde cheerfully into the darkness.

"Hallo!" a man's voice instantly responded.

"Taylor and Clara," said Orde to Carroll with satisfaction. "Just the man I wanted to see."

The lawyer and his wife mounted the steps. He was a quick, energetic, spare man with lean cheeks, a bristling, clipped mustache, and a slight stoop to his shoulders. She was small, *puquante*, almost childlike, with a dainty upturned nose, a large and lustrous eye, constant birdlike animation of manner—the Folly of artists, the adorable, lovable Folly standing tiptoe on a complaisant world.

"Just the man I wanted to see," repeated Orde as the two approached.

Clara Taylor stopped short and considered him for a moment.

"Let us away," she said seriously to Carroll. "My prophetic soul tells me they are going to talk business; and if any more business is talked in my presence I shall *expire!*"

Both men laughed; but Orde explained apologetically:

"Well, you know, Mrs. Taylor, these are my especially busy days for the firm, and I have to work my private affairs in when I can."

"I thought Frank was very solicitous about my getting out in the air!" cried Clara. "Come, Carroll, let's wander down the street and see Mina Heinzman."

The two interlocked arms and sauntered along the walk. Both men lit cigars and sat on the top step of the porch.

"Look here, Taylor," broke in Orde abruptly, "you told me the other day you had fifteen or twenty thousand you wanted to place somewhere."

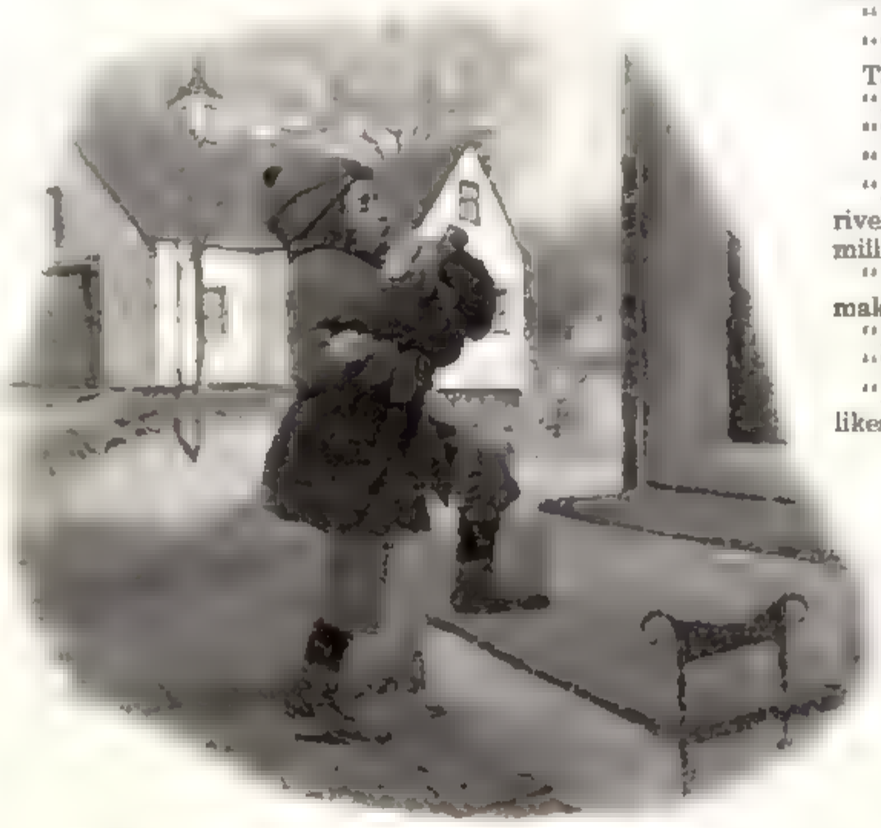
"Yes," replied Taylor.

"Well, I believe I have just the proposition."

"What is it?"

"California pine," replied Orde.

"California pine!" repeated Taylor after a slight pause. "Why California? That's a long way off. And there's no market, is there? Why way out there?"



"The Little Rascal Fills the Wood-Box for a Cent a Time"

"It's cheap," replied Orde succinctly. "I don't say it will be good for immediate returns, nor even for returns in the near future; but in twenty or thirty years it ought to pay big on a small investment made now."

Taylor shook his head doubtfully.

"I don't see how you figure it," he objected. "We have more timber than we can use in the East. Why should we go several thousand miles West for the same thing?"

"When our timber gives out then we'll *have* to go West," said Orde.

Taylor laughed.

"Laugh all you please," rejoined Orde, "but I tell you Michigan and Wisconsin pine is doomed. In twenty or thirty years there won't be any white pine for sale."

"Nonsense," objected Taylor. "You're talking wild. We haven't even begun on the Upper Peninsula. After that there's Minnesota. And I haven't observed that we're quite out of timber on the river, or the Muskegon, or the Saginaw, or the Grand, or the Cheboygan—why, great Scott, man, our children's children's children may be thinking of investing in California timber; but that's about soon enough."

"All right," said Orde quietly. "Well, what do you think of Indiana as a good field for timber investment?"

"Indiana!" cried Taylor, amazed. "Why, there's no timber there; it's a prairie!"

"There used to be. And all the Southern Michigan farm belt was timbered; and around here. We have our stumps to show for it; but there are no evidences at all farther south. You'd have hard work, for instance, to persuade a stranger that Van Buren County was once forest."

"Was it?" asked Taylor doubtfully.

"It was. You take your map and see how much area has been cut already, and how much remains. That'll open your eyes. And remember all that has been done by crude methods for a relatively small demand. The demand increases as the country grows and methods improve. It would not surprise me if some day thirty or forty millions would constitute an average cut.* 'Michigan pine exhaustless!'—those fellows make me sick!"

"Sounds a little more reasonable," said Taylor slowly.

"It'll sound a lot more reasonable in five or ten years," insisted Orde; "and then you'll see the big man rushing out into that Oregon and California country. But now a man can get practically the pick of the coast. There are only a few big concerns out there."

"Why is it that no one ——"

"Because," Orde cut him short, "the big things are for the fellow who can see far enough ahead."

"What kind of a proposition have you?" asked Taylor after a pause.

"I can get ten thousand acres at an average price of eight dollars an acre," replied Orde.

"Acres? What does that mean in timber?"

"On this particular tract it means about four hundred million feet."

"That's about twenty cents a thousand."

Orde nodded.

"And of course you couldn't operate for a long time."

"Not for twenty, maybe thirty, years," replied Orde. "There's your interest on your money, and taxes, and the risk of fire and ——"

"Of course, of course," agreed Orde impatiently. "But you're getting your stumpage for twenty cents or a little more, and in thirty years it will be worth as high as a dollar and a half."†

"What!" cried Taylor.

"That is my opinion," said Orde.

Taylor relapsed into thought.

"Say, Orde," he broke out finally, "how old are you?"

"Thirty-eight. Why?"

"How much timber have you in Michigan?"

"About ten million that we've picked up on the river since the Daly purchase, and three hundred million in the Northern Peninsula."

"Which will take you twenty years to cut, and make you a million dollars or so?"

"Hope so."

"Then why this investment thirty years ahead?"

"It's for Bobby," explained Orde simply. "A man likes to have his son continue on in his business. I can't do it here; but there I can. It would take fifty years to cut that pine, and that will give Bobby a steady income and a steady business."

"Bobby will be well enough off, anyway. He won't have to go into business."

Orde's brow puckered.

"I know a man—Bobby is going to work. A man is not a success in life unless he does something; and Bobby is going to be a success. Why, Taylor," he chuckled, "the little rascal fills the wood-box for a cent a time; and that's all the pocket-money he gets. He's saving now to buy a thousand-dollar boat. I've agreed to pool in half. At his present rate of income I'm safe for about sixty years yet."

"How soon are you going to close this deal?" asked Taylor, rising as he caught sight of two figures coming up the walk.

"I have an option until November 1," replied Orde. "If you can't make it, I guess I can swing it myself. By the way, keep this dark."

Taylor nodded, and the two turned to defend themselves as best they could against Clara's laughing attack.

Orde had said nothing to Newmark concerning this purposed new investment, nor did he intend doing so.

"It is for Bobby," he told himself, "and I want Bobby, and no one else, to run it. Joe would want to take charge, naturally. Taylor won't. He knows nothing of the business."

He walked downtown next morning busily formulating his scheme. At the office he found Newmark already seated at his desk, a pile of letters in front of him. Upon Orde's boisterous greeting his nerves crisped slightly, but of this there was no outward sign beyond a tightening of his hands on the letter he was reading. Behind his eyeglasses his blue, cynical eyes twinkled like frost crystals. As always he was immaculately dressed in neat gray clothes, and carried in one corner of his mouth an unlighted cigar.

"Joe," said Orde, spinning a chair to Newmark's roll-top desk, and speaking in a low tone, "just how do we stand on that Upper Peninsula stumpage?"

"What do you mean? How much of it is there? You know that as well as I do about three hundred million."

"No, I mean financially."

"We've made two payments of seventy-five thousand each, and have still two to make of the same amount."

"What could we borrow on it?"

"We don't want to borrow anything on it," returned Newmark in a flash.

"Perhaps not; but if we should?"

"We might raise fifty or seventy-five thousand, I suppose."

"Joe," said Orde, "I want to raise about seventy-five thousand dollars on my share in this concern, if it can be done."

"What's up?" inquired Newmark keenly.

"It's a private matter."

Newmark said nothing, but for some time thought busily, his light blue eyes narrowed to a slit.

"I'll have to figure on it a while," said he at last, and turned back to his mail. All day he worked hard, with only a fifteen-minute intermission for a lunch, which was brought up from the hotel below. At six o'clock he slammed shut the desk. He descended the stairs with Orde, from whom he parted at their foot, and walked

* At the present day some firms cut as high as one hundred and fifty million feet.

† At the present time, 1908, sugar pine such as Orde described would cost three dollars and fifty cents to four dollars.

precisely away, his tall, thin figure held rigid and slightly askew, his pale eyes slitted behind his eyeglasses, the unlighted cigar in one corner of his straight lips. To the occasional passer-by he bowed coldly and with formality. At the corner below he bore to the left, and after a short walk entered the small one-story house set well back from the sidewalk among the clumps of oleanders. Here he turned into a study, quietly and richly furnished, ten years in advance of the taste then prevalent in Monrovia, where he sank into a deep-cushioned chair and lit the much-chewed cigar. For some moments he lay back with his eyes shut. Then he opened them to look with approval on the dark walnut bookcases, the framed prints and etchings, the bronzed student's lamp on the square table-desk, the rugs on the polished floor. He picked up a magazine into which he dipped for ten minutes.

The door opened noiselessly behind him.

"Mr. Newmark, sir," came a respectful voice. "It is just short of seven."

"You may serve dinner, Mallock," said Newmark.

He ate deliberately and with enjoyment the meal, exquisitely prepared and exquisitely presented to him. With it he drank a single glass of Burgundy; a deed that would, in the eyes of Monrovia, have condemned him as certainly as driving a horse on Sunday or playing cards for a stake. Afterward he returned to the study whither Mallock brought coffee. He lit another cigar, opened a drawer in his desk, extracted therefrom some bankbooks and small personal account-books. From these he figured all the evening. His cigar went out, but he did not notice that, and chewed away quite contentedly on the dead butt. When he had finished, his cold eye exhibited a gleam of satisfaction. He had resolved on a course of action. At ten o'clock he went to bed.

"Orde," said Newmark, as the former entered the office the next morning, "I think I can arrange this matter."

Orde drew up a chair.

"I talked last evening with a man from Detroit named Thayer who thinks he may advance seventy-five thousand dollars on a mortgage on our Northern Peninsula stumpage. For that, of course, we will give the firm's note with interest at ten per cent. I will turn this over to you."

"That's ——" began Orde.

"Hold on," interrupted Newmark. "As collateral security you will deposit for me your stock in the Boom Company, indorsed in blank. If you do not pay the full amount of the firm's note to Thayer, then the stock will be turned in to me."

"I see," said Orde.

"Now, don't misunderstand me," said Newmark dryly. "This is your own affair, and I do not urge it on you. If we raise as much as seventy-five thousand dollars on that Upper Peninsula stumpage it will be all it can stand, for next year we must make one-third payment on it. If you take that money it is, of course, proper that you pay the interest on it."

"Certainly," said Orde.

"And if there's any possibility of the foreclosure of the mortgage, it is only right that you run all the risk of loss—not myself."

"Certainly," repeated Orde.

"From another point of view," went on Newmark, "you are practically mortgaging your interest in the Boom Company for seventy-five thousand dollars. That would make, on the usual basis of a mortgage, your share worth above two hundred thousand—and four hundred thousand is a high valuation of our property."

"That looks more than decent on your part," said Orde.

"Of course, it's none of my business what you intend to do with this," went on Newmark, "but, unless you're *sure* you can meet these notes, I strongly advise against it."

"That applies to any mortgage," rejoined Orde.

"Exactly."

"For how long a time could I get this?" asked Orde.

"I couldn't promise it for longer than five years," replied Newmark.

"That would make about fifteen thousand a year."

"And interest."

"Certainly—and interest. Well, I don't see why I can't carry that easily on our present showing and prospects."

"If nothing untoward happens," insisted Newmark, determined to put forward all objections possible.

"It's not much risk," said Orde hopefully. "There's nothing surer than lumber. We'll pay the notes easily enough as we cut; and the Boom Company's on velvet now. What do our earnings figure, anyway?"

"We're driving one hundred and fifty million at a profit of about sixty cents a thousand," said Newmark.

"That's ninety thousand dollars in five years four hundred and fifty thousand," said Orde, sucking his pencil.

"We ought to clean up five dollars a thousand on our mill."

"That's about a hundred thousand on what we've got left."

"And that little barge business nets us about twelve or fifteen thousand a year."

"For the five years about sixty thousand more. Let's see—that's a total of say six hundred thousand dollars in five years."

"We will have to take up in that time," said Newmark, who seemed to have the statistics at his fingers' tips, "the two payments on our timber; the note on the First National; the Commercial note; the remaining liabilities on the Boom Company—about three hundred thousand all told, counting the interest."

Orde crumpled the paper and threw it into the waste basket.

"Correct," said he. "Good enough. I ought to get along on a margin like that."

He went over to his own desk, where he again set to figuring on his pad. The results he eyed a little doubtfully. Each year he must pay in interest the sum of $7500. Each year he would have to count on a proportionate saving of $15,000 toward payment of the notes. In addition he must live.

"The Orde family is going to be mighty hard up," said he, whistling humorously.

But Orde was by nature and training sanguine and fond of big risks.

"Never mind; it's for Bobby," said he to himself; "and maybe the rate of interest will go down, and I'll be able to borrow on the California tract if anything does go wrong."

He put on his hat, thrust a bundle of papers into his pocket, and stepped across the hall into Taylor's office.

Quite Oblivious to the Keen Wind

The lawyer he found tipped back in his revolving-chair reading a printed brief.

"Frank," began Orde immediately, "I came to see you about that California timber matter."

Taylor laid down the brief, and removed his eyeglasses, with which he began immediately to tap the fingers of his left hand.

"Sit down, Jack," said he. "I'm glad you came in. I was going to try to see you some time to-day. I've been thinking the matter over very carefully since the other day, and I've come to the conclusion that it is too steep for me. I don't doubt the investment a bit, but the returns are too far off. Fifteen thousand means a lot more to me than it does to you; and I've got to think of the immediate future. I hope you weren't counting on me ——"

"Oh, that's all right," broke in Orde. "As I told you, I can swing the thing myself, and only mentioned it to you on the off-chance you might want to invest. Now, what I want is this ——" He proceeded to outline the agreement between himself and Newmark, while the lawyer took notes and occasionally interjected a question.

"All right," said the latter, when the details had been mastered. "I'll draw the necessary notes and papers."

"Now," went on Orde, producing the bundle of papers from his pocket, "here's the abstract of title. I wish you'd look it over. It's a long one, but not complicated, as near as I can make out. Trace seems to have acquired this tract mostly from the original homesteaders and the like, who, of course, take title direct from the Government. But, naturally, there are a heap of them, and I want you to look it over to be sure everything's shipshape."

"All right," agreed Taylor, reaching for the papers.

"One other thing," concluded Orde, uncrossing his legs. "I want this investment to get no further than the office door. You see, this is for Bobby, and I've given a lot of thought to that sort of thing, and nothing spoils a man sooner than to imagine the thing's all cut and dried for him, and nothing keeps him going like the thought that he's got to rustle his own opportunities. You and I know that. Bobby's going to have the best education possible; he's going to learn to be a lumberman by practical experience, and that practical experience he'll get with other people. No working for his Dad in Bobby's, I can tell you. When he gets through college I'll get him a little job clerking with some good firm, and he'll have a chance to show what is in him, and to learn the business from the ground up, the way a man ought to. Of course, I'll make arrangements that he has a real chance. Then, when he's worked into the harness a little, the old man will take him out and show him the fine big sugar pine and say to him: 'There, my boy, there's your opportunity, and you've earned it. How does *Orde & Son* sound to you?' What do you think of it, Frank?"

Taylor nodded several times.

"I believe you're on the right track, and I'll help you all I can," said he briefly.

"So, of course, I want to keep the thing dead secret," continued Orde. "You're the only man who knows anything about it. I'm not even going to buy directly under my own name. I'm going to incorporate myself," he said. "You know how those things will get out, and how they always get back to the wrong people."

"Count on me," Taylor assured him.

CHAPTER XI

AS ORDE walked home that evening after a hot day his mind was full of speculation as to the immediate future. He had a local reputation for wealth, and no one knew better than himself how important it is for a man in debt to keep up appearances. Nevertheless, decided retrenchment would be necessary. After Bobby had gone to bed he explained this to his wife.

"What's the matter?" she asked quickly. "Is the firm losing money?"

"No," replied Orde, "it's a matter of reinvestment." He hesitated. "It's a secret I don't want to get out, but I'm thinking of buying some Western timber for Bobby when he grows up."

Carroll laughed softly.

"You so relieve my mind," she smiled at him. "I was afraid you'd decided on the street-car driver idea. Why, sweetheart, you know perfectly well we could go back to the little house next the church and be as happy as larks."

In the mean time Newmark had closed his desk, picked his hat from the nail, and marched precisely down the street to Heinzman's office. He found the little German in. Newmark demanded a private interview, and, without preliminary, plunged into the business that had brought him. He had long since taken Heinzman's measure, as, indeed, he had taken the measure of every other man with whom he did or was likely to do business.

"Heinzman," said he abruptly, "my partner wants to raise seventy-five thousand dollars for his personal use. I have agreed to get him that money from the firm."

Heinzman sat immovable, his round eyes blinking behind his big spectacles.

"Proceed," said he shrewdly.

"As security in case he cannot pay the notes the firm will have to give, he has signed an agreement to turn over

(Continued on Page 23)

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 29, 1908

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ The girl of the period is really an interrogation-point.

¶ Nobody is so deaf as the woman who is talked about.

¶ Some fools are so solemn that they seem to be the world's centre of gravity.

¶ Ignorance is bliss to everybody except the man who doesn't know enough to advertise.

¶ Some people are so pious that they will say grace before meat even when the butcher is unpaid.

¶ Some old families seem to have so many skeletons that there aren't closets enough to go around.

¶ Don't be always complaining of the fly in the ointment: the fly doesn't like it any better than you do.

¶ Somehow the woman who stands for woman's rights is never so pretty as the one who doesn't know she has any.

¶ We all have an opinion of the man who cries "Peace!" when there is none, but the Devil has marked for his own the fool who yells "Fire! Fire!" when there is no fire.

Unpunished Chicanery

WHEN a once prominent bank, crippled by the October panic, finally closed its doors the other day, banking circles were scandalized by a rumor that one of its officers had helped pull it down by quietly advising his friends to transfer their accounts to another institution. There have been like scandals, at various times and places, over rumors that certain bankers, holding the fate of an embarrassed institution in their hands, had deliberately toppled it over for the sake of getting its business.

In the banking business, without doubt, as high a sense of honor and duty obtains as in any that could be named, with the possible exception of newspaper reporting. What we have in mind is the amount of stealing that no statute prevents.

The abuse of a trust by the trustee for his personal profit differs in form and before the law from tapping the till; but in its essence it is the same thing. The scandalous speculation by officers and directors in the stocks of the corporations which they ought to administer, as trustees, for the benefit of the stockholders, is depressingly common, and goes almost without rebuke. The broker's clerk who "tips off" the operations of the house, and the employee who trades in the business secrets of his employer, are more severely reprobated, yet they are doing just what the speculating director does, and, again, what the clerk who helps himself to the firm's cash does.

The Pedigreed Ideas of the Great

PROBABLY we have been mistaken about Hiawatha. A learned journalist says he has discovered that Longfellow stole it bodily from an ancient Finnish epic. In that case there is certainly more in the poem than we had supposed; and Longfellow's claim to a higher rank than current critical opinion assigns him needs to be reconsidered.

As a general sort of rule, the sign of a great artist is found in the liberality with which he helped himself to whatever would serve his turn. Molière boasted that he took his own wherever he found it. That the greatest of all literary artists was also the greatest of plagiarists is not a mere coincidence. Shakespeare understood that originality in plot, story and situations is the proper province of mediocrity; but what he borrowed he endowed with life, form and enduring vitality. His was the plagiarism of genius, which is not to be confounded with the act of the literary door-mat thief.

When Tristram Shandy was in its first great vogue the curious pointed out those parts which Sterne had cribbed from old Burton of the previous century; and a century later, when Tristram was in eclipse, other curious pointed out how prodigally Bulwer Lytton had pillaged it all of which simply proved that Sterne was a man of excellent literary taste and that Bulwer Lytton, once at least, rose to the same level.

Prosperity and Extravagance

A GENTLEMAN engaged in stock-brokerage commented recently upon his swollen personal expense account—thickly dotted with quite dazzling little items for social entertainment. "They used to tell me," he observed, "that the way to make money was to be frugal, spend as little as possible, sit tight. But that's all nonsense. The way to make money is to spend it."

We could not recommend this counsel to the Young Man on the average Young Man's salary; but it comes to mind upon reading, on every hand, that some reaction in business is very salutary, because it will wean people generally from extravagant expenditures and teach them to live frugally.

Yet it is very evident that, if there is no more extravagance, there will never again be boom times. It is not the purchases of corned beef and cabbage, nor of homespun and brogans, that tell of a high pitch of commercial activity. It is when the farmers are buying fur-lined overcoats and the baker's wife goes into satins that the wheels really hum, bank clearings mount, and the railroads are bothered with congestion in the traffic department. If everybody bought only what he actually needed, so many plants would shut up that presently a great many could not buy even what they did need. Nobody feels comfortably off unless he can buy a setter pup or an overcoat with frogs on it just because he wants it. Prosperity breeds extravagance, and then extravagance kills prosperity.

Crookedness Outside Wall Street

PROBABLY there are persons professionally engaged in finance who approve the suggestion, emanating from quite different quarters, that the New York Stock Exchange be abolished out of hand.

For example, we find note of a gorgeous inland telephone flotation with $4,782,000 of stock and $13,362,000 of bonds which were duly listed upon a provincial Stock Exchange and partly sold to a confiding public. The concern was recently sold out, and $400,000 was realized from it. The latest official quotation of the bonds is "offered at 4½; nothing bid." Far away from Wall Street, also, the promoter of an extensive traction enterprise has been harshly criticised because, while vending the bonds, he gave out sadly untruthful statements of earnings.

Very many such instances, remote from Manhattan, might be cited; and it is really due to the New York Stock Exchange to say that proceedings are conducted there with a certain order and seemliness.

Upon the Stock Exchange you may lose your money; but you will get a run for it. No eager person will knock you on the head and take your clothes as you cross the threshold. You will not be officially assured that the package contains Government bonds when, in fact, it is only wall-paper. If you take a check for your watch they will really give back the watch when you demand it, instead of kicking you out with insults.

It is not, in short, upon the Stock Exchange, but in inland localities of sweeter general repute, that the rankest forms of financial fraud are practiced. As between a polite poker sharp and the rude highwayman who uses pistol and bludgeon the former is certainly the less disagreeable. Both are bad.

That Anti-Boycott Decision

"THE most crushing blow ever given organized labor," is the way an admired, but biased, contemporary describes the decision of the United States Supreme Court that a boycott, by labor unions, directed against an article of interstate commerce is a violation of the anti-trust clause of the Sherman Act.

Many other newspapers have assumed that the decision is something of tremendous importance to organized labor. That view, of course, is quite erroneous.

It should be noted, as a great many competent observers have pointed out, that various forms of industrial activity to-day are in violation of the Sherman Act. That act, as several times interpreted by the Supreme Court, prohibits in the most sweeping way any combination whatever that is in restraint of trade; and as nearly every business combination that is of any value to anybody must restrain trade at some point or other, the act may almost be said to prohibit all combinations and agreements that affect interstate commerce. Yet it is well known that interstate commerce is actually carried on by combination and agreement to a greater extent than ever before. The act was meant to prevent and destroy trusts. How far it has succeeded in that every newspaper reader knows.

The decision will no more destroy any labor union than innumerable decisions, which asserted the principle of the common law that competition must not be suppressed, have destroyed any trust.

That trade in many of its forms must be restrained in order to be profitable is certainly the judgment of the business world to-day, and in this view some notable politicians are now frankly concurring. That the Sherman Act should be radically amended is the opinion of at least one Cabinet Minister and even of the President. It is doubtful whether it can be so amended as to give special powers to large organizations of capital without granting organizations of labor the same scope.

Hands Off the Sacred Tariff!

HERETOFORE, nobody except the manufacturers has wanted a forty per cent. tariff. Now the manufacturers do not want it.

The delegation of the National Association which waited upon Speaker Cannon and Chairman Payne to say so must be considered quite representative, although, naturally, it did not include the few who get the big rake-off. But not even at the behest of the manufacturers themselves will there be any action by Congress in the direction of beginning to get ready to commence to revise the Dingley schedules. Their mild and apparently harmless proposal that a commission be appointed to investigate the subject and report after the Presidential election was firmly discountenanced.

There may be some justice in the position of the Speaker and the Chairman that the manufacturers ought to be patient several months or years longer under evils which the rest of the country has enjoyed with little complaint for a generation; but the puzzle is, what can be the political necessity of refusing even to consider changing a condition that displeases everybody except a very few especially favored persons? "The drinking water may be bad," say Uncle Joseph and "Old Schedules"—as he fondly termed his aid at the head of the Ways and Means Committee—"typhoid may be prevalent; but it would be suicidal for the Republican party to consider remedial measures until after the Presidential election. Our policy has got you in a bad fix, but you cannot, in decency, ask us even to think of trying to get you out until the people have enthusiastically indorsed that policy at the polls."

The great body of consumers do not want this tariff. Labor does not want it. Manufacturers as a class do not want it. But a majority of the people must approve it before the Republican party will feel justified in considering their wish that it be amended.

Compared with elucidating the stand-pat position, those little jocular conundrums, such as "How old is Anne?" become infantile in simplicity.

The Golden Flood

BUSINESS having slackened somewhat, money is pouring into New York. Within four weeks the cash reserve of the associated banks increased seventy-five million dollars. Naturally, interest rates fell. Call loans on the Stock Exchange, says an authoritative report, ranged during the week from 1½ to 2 per cent., averaging 1¾ per cent.; "but the trust companies were not in the market with offerings, even at the maximum, that rate being obtainable by them from the banks in which they deposit their balances."

That is, the banks stand committed to pay interest at the rate of two per cent. upon deposits that are considerable in amount. If that rate is not obtainable on call loans, concerns having considerable amounts of cash will deposit the money in bank, practically forcing the bank to take a call loan from them at two per cent. The banks, of course, must find employment for this money at more than two per cent., or suffer a loss.

If the accumulation continues, in what direction will they turn? Well, "the rate for four months on good mixed Stock Exchange collateral was 4½ per cent., with a few transactions." They will seek borrowers among stock brokers. Partly, perhaps, to accommodate his bank an enterprising broker will get up a little pool in St. Paul, borrowing a million for four months.

When enough little pools are gotten up, the banks are rid of their surplus money and the stock market is booming.

The country sends its idle money to New York for the sake of the interest which the banks there will pay. If there is no demand for the money the banks must try to create one. The stock market is a great machine to meet this need.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Cushman's Fatal Gift

FRANK MARION EDDY, of Minnesota, used to claim he was the homeliest man in Congress, and he had a good case until Francis W. Cushman came along from Washington and wrested the laurels from him. Cushman was cold-blooded about it. He did not intend to let any man purloin his proudest prerogative, and he had the goods. Walking down the aisle during his first term, he stood beside Eddy's desk and challenged comparison. "Look us over," he said. "Compare this face of mine with that Eddy face. I claim I am the homelier."

It was so decided, and Eddy left Congress soon afterward.

Cushman succeeded James Hamilton Lewis, whose official title was Jim Ham and whose oration about the "tessellated satraps of the army" is still echoing through the corridors. Jim Ham was—and is—a handsome man. He was about as nifty a sartorial specimen as was boasted by the Congresses he adorned. His crowning glory was whiskers, which were a pale and pulsating pink, luxuriant as an irrigated alfalfa patch and flung wide to the breeze above Jim Ham's manly breast. It was the Colonel's original idea to wear spats to match those whiskers. He tried to copyright this, but the copyright office wouldn't stand for it, which was but another proof, as the Colonel often asserted, that real brains have no chance with the swivel-chair bureaucrats of this effete and debilitated Government.

However, Cushman came along to succeed Jim Ham "I crept modestly into the halls of Congress," he says himself, "oppressed by the vast gobs of statesmanship I knew were to be found on every hand, conscious of my own unworthiness, except as to the matter of depulchritude, so to speak, where I knew I was supreme, and I was introduced to some of the members. They stood around me in a little group, apparently awed by my appearance.

"'So,' said one of the party, 'you are here to succeed Jim Ham Lewis, are you?'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'I was elected to succeed Mr. Lewis.'

"'Great Heavens!' exclaimed another, 'don't they raise anything but freaks out there in Washington?'"

That didn't feeze Cushman. He was used to it. In fact, he was rather proud of it, for, as he explained, any man can be pretty, but it is a mark of distinction for a statesman to tote about a face that is epic in its way.

He sat around Congress for a time, watching what was going on. Then, one day, along about the close of the session, he rose to say a few words. He took the River and Harbor Bill for his text. Nobody paid attention for the first five minutes. The others on the floor thought it was merely the case of a new member making a speech for home consumption. Presently, though, somebody who was listening let out a laugh that woke the whole House. A sergeant-at-arms ran down to see if the laughing member had had a fit. He inquired anxiously what was the matter, and the member who had been listening to Cushman waved a feeble hand in the speaker's direction and gasped: "Listen to what that fellow is saying. He's funny."

The Debut of a Humorist

FIVE minutes more and everybody in the House was listening, and, at the end of the first quarter of an hour, the word had gone out to the committee-rooms and to the restaurant and the lobbies and cloakrooms that a fellow named Cushman was handing out some laughs. The members crowded in. Cushman talked for an hour, and when he had finished he had made a reputation as a humorist.

Old members came to him and said: "Now, my boy, it is all right to be funny, but be funny in private. The people will not stand for a humorous statesman. We have had them here before and they have all lost out. Heed the warning. Don't ever be funny again."

Cushman replied he would try to worry along with his constituents just as he was. In his opinion, it is not necessary to be an undertaker to remain in public life, and, when the occasion came, he made another humorous speech. That fixed his status. He is one of the House humorists. Presently, J. Adam Bede arrived. J. Adam is a humorist, also. He was funny a few times, and the struggle as to the ownership of the title of The Humorist of the House became exciting. A year or so ago there was a public competition for the honor.

Bede was called to make a speech for the title. He did it. Then Cushman had his turn. His first sentence put Bede out of the running. "After listening to Mr. Bede's speech," said Cushman, "I am forced to the conclusion that my folks subscribed for the same almanacs that his did." And it was in that speech that Cushman made the famous remark about the retirement of Secretary Hitchcock from the Interior Department. "I say to you, Mr. Chairman," he said, "that when the news of the retirement of Mr. Hitchcock was sent out there wasn't a dry throat west of the Mississippi River."

The Owner of the Fatal Gift

Cushman has been in Congress for four terms and is now beginning his fifth. He is wise enough not to make too many speeches. His River and Harbor Bill speech has come to be an annual function, and he talks a few other times during each session, but he does not do too much of it. He is a tall, angular, gangling man, with a curious, drawling voice, and he speaks with the utmost gravity and appears to be surprised when his hearers laugh. He is not a spontaneous humorist, bubbling over with quips and quirks. He is a hardworking, grind-it-out funny man, who prepares his speeches with great labor and who studies the effect of every word and every phrase.

At that, he is reaping the inevitable harvest. It is likely he can stay in the House as long as he wants to; but, when the time came for candidates to succeed Senator Ankeny, Cushman got little encouragement from the Washingtonians. He is not serious enough. He made funny speeches. No Senator should make funny speeches. No Senator should be anything but a stuffy person, of extreme dignity and extreme dullness. So they picked out Representative Jones to run against Ankeny. Jones was never accused of being a humorist.

There is a regular formula for this sort of thing. The old-timers in Congress have two shining examples of the fatality of humor. The first one is Sunset Cox, who wasn't so humorous that you would hurt yourself laughing at him, and they say: "Look what happened to Sunset Cox. He did not get the recognition his talents demanded." The second one is John Allen, of Tupelo. "Take John Allen," the apostles of stodginess say. "He was a brilliant man, a man of fine parts, but he made no impression in Congress because he was a story-teller and a fun-maker." Still, at last reports, John Allen is not mourning about it.

Unabashed by these horrible examples and others that are dug up, Cushman goes along serenely, and when he talks he gets an audience, which is more than many of the Dull Brothers can do. He is a valuable member, despite his tendency to avoid statistics and commonplaces in his speeches, and, apparently, has no fears his future will be ruined because he has a sense of humor.

The most remarkable thing about the man is that he retains his cheerful viewpoint, for his early life was as hard as that of any member of the House. He began in Iowa as a water boy of a railroad, then was a section hand and laborer on the same road, was a cowboy in Wyoming, cook in a lumber camp, and lumberman, sawmill hand and farm hand. He practiced law in Nebraska for five years when fees were scarce and times hard. He had a struggle to establish himself in Tacoma. Despite all these hard knocks he is still a humorist—not a world-beater, but a good, House-broken funny man, who can figure on getting a laugh at regular intervals when he is speaking, and who has no hesitation in telling the leaders about themselves whenever it seems necessary.

Of course, it may be the Apostles of Dullness will get him, but everybody at the Capital hopes not. The gloom-enliveners among the prosy persons who legislate for us are not so numerous that any of them can be spared.

Which Itch?

WHEN Thomas B. Reed was in his glory in Washington he had a habit of asking embarrassing questions of young members to get a laugh on them.

One day Reed was holding court in the lobby and Robert G. Cousins, of Iowa, then a new member, but now chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, came in. Cousins was big and awkward, and had a nervous habit of rubbing the back of his left hand with the fingers of his right.

Reed saw him. "Young man," he said, "did you ever have the itch?"

Everybody laughed. Cousins was flustered, but he stiffened up in a moment and replied: "I never had the Presidential itch," and that held Mr. Reed for the remainder of the afternoon.

Saving Thousands on the Help

A COUNTRY politician who lived in a certain county in Pennsylvania managed to get elected to the legislature at Harrisburg for one term. When he came back he built himself a fine house, costing about twenty thousand dollars. His old neighbors, who knew he had no money before he went to Harrisburg, and who knew the salary of a Pennsylvania legislator is not a particularly hefty one, were curious to discover where the returned statesman got the money to build the house. There had been stories of money used to expedite certain measures in Harrisburg, and they had their suspicions. So, one day, a committee waited on the man who built the house, and the spokesman said: "Jim, it may be none of our business to your thinking, but we think you owe it to us who sent you to the legislature to explain where you got the money with which you built this house. You didn't have a cent before you went to Harrisburg and owed everybody in the place. How about it?"

"Why," said the builder, "it's simple enough. You see, when we were in Harrisburg, we didn't keep a hired girl."

The Bivouac in the Senate Chamber

EDWARD F. JONES, of Binghamton, New York, famous as "Jones, he pays the freight," and formerly Lieutenant-Governor of New York, was visiting in Washington a time ago and went up to the Capitol.

He sent in a note to Vice-President Fairbanks, who was presiding over the Senate, reading: "Compliments to Vice-President Fairbanks from one of his predecessors in the chair he now occupies with such distinction. Edward F. Jones."

The Vice-President puzzled over the note. He asked one of the secretaries if a man named Edward F. Jones had ever been vice-president or president pro tem. of the Senate, and a search showed Jones had not. So the Vice-President went out and shook hands with Jones.

"I am pleased to meet you," he said, "but I wish, Mr. Jones, you would explain your most interesting remark about your occupying the chair in which I have the honor to sit."

"Simple enough," said Jones. "I was Colonel of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment in 1861, and when we came through Washington we bivouacked in the Senate Chamber. The soldiers slept on the floor, but I slept in the presiding officer's chair."

Hail to the Chief

WHEN Matthew Kiely was appointed chief of police of St. Louis he held a reception in his office the first day. After everybody had congratulated him Kiely turned to his secretary and said: "Secretary, I understhand there is a horse and buggy for the chief."

"Yes, chief."

"Ring up the driver and tell him to bring it here. I am going now over to the Planters' Hotel; if anybody wants me I will be back at six o'clock."

The driver came and Kiely got into the buggy. "Drive me to the Planters'," he ordered.

The driver started down Pine Street, which is the shortest way. "Here," said Kiely, "where are ye going?"

"To the Planters', where you told me."

"What do ye mean?" shouted Kiely. "Drive me over to Olive Street and take me down Olive. Nobody can see me on Pine."

GEORGE'S WIFE

The Home-Coming of Cassy Mavor and How Black Andy Turned the Tide

By Gilbert Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY ARTHURS

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"The First Night at Lumley's Done for George"

SHE'S come, and she can go back. No one asked her, no one wants her, and she's got no rights here. She thinks she'll come it over me, but she'll get nothing, and there's no place for her here."

The old, gray-bearded man, gnarled and angular, with overhanging brows and a harsh face, made this little speech of malice and unfriendliness, looking out on the snow-covered prairie through the window. For in the distance were a sleigh and horses like a spot in the snow, growing larger from minute to minute.

It was a day of days. Overhead the sun was pouring out a flood of light and warmth, and though it was bitterly cold and the air full of a fine powder of frost—a *poudre* day, it was called—life was beating hard in the bosom of the West. Men walked lightly, breathed quickly, and their eyes were bright with the brightness of vitality and content. Even the old man at the window of this lonely house, in a great, lonely stretch of country, with the cedar hills behind it, had a living force which defied his seventy-odd years, though the light in his face was hard and his voice was harder still. Under the shelter of the foothills, cold as the day was, his cattle were feeding in the open, scratching away the thin layer of snow and browsing on the tender grass underneath. An arctic world in appearance, it had an abounding life which made it friendly and generous—the harshness belonged to the surface. So, perhaps, it was with the old man who watched the sleigh in the distance coming nearer; but that in his nature on which any one could feed was not so easily reached as the fresh, young grass under the protecting snow.

"She'll get nothing out of me," he repeated, as the others in the room behind him made no remark, and his eyes ranged gloating over the cattle under the foothills and the buildings which he had gathered together to proclaim his substantial greatness in the West.

"Not a *sou-marquée!*" he added, clinking some coins in his pocket. "She's got no rights."

"Cassy's got as much right here as any of us, Abel; and she's coming to say it, I guess."

The voice which spoke was unlike a Western voice. It was deep and full and slow, with an organlike quality. It was in good keeping with the tall, spare body and large, fine, rugged face of the woman to whom it belonged. She sat in a rocking-chair, but did not rock, her fingers busy with the knitting-needles, her feet planted squarely on the home-made hassock at her feet.

The old man waited for a minute in a painful silence, then he turned slowly around and, with tight-pressed lips, looked at the woman in the rocking-chair. If it had been any one else who had "talked back" at him he would have made quick work of them, for he was that sort of tyrant who prides himself on being self-made, and has an undue respect for his own judgment and importance. But the woman who had ventured to challenge his cold-blooded remarks about his dead son's wife, who was hastening over the snow to the house her husband had left under a cloud eight years before, had no fear of him, and, maybe, no deep regard for him. He respected her, as did all who knew her—a very reticent, thoughtful, busy being who had been like a well of comfort to so many that had drunk and passed on out of her life, out of time and time's experiences. Seventy-nine years saw her still upstanding, strong, full of work, and fuller of life's knowledge. It was she who had sent the horses and sleigh for "Cassy" when the old man, having read the letter that Cassy had written him, said that she could "freeze at the station" for all of him. Aunt Kate had said nothing then, but, when the time came, by her orders, the sleigh and horses were at the station, and the old man had made no direct protest, for she was the one person he had never dominated or bullied. If she had only talked he would have worn her down, for he was fond of talking, and it was said by those who were cynical and incredulous about him that he had gone to prayer-meetings, had been a local preacher, only to hear his own voice. Probably, if there had been any politics in the West in his day he would have been a politician, except that it would have been too costly for his taste, and religion was very cheap; it enabled him to refuse to join in many forms of expenditure on the ground that he "did not hold by such things."

In Aunt Kate, the sister of his wife, dead so many years ago, he had found a spirit stronger than his own. He valued her; he had said more than once, to those who he thought would never repeat it to her, that she was a "great woman"; but self-interest was the mainspring of his appreciation. Since she had come again to his house—she had lived with him once before for two years, when his wife was slowly dying—it had been a different place. Housekeeping had cost him less than before, yet the cooking was better, the place was beautifully clean, and discipline without rigidity reigned everywhere. One by one the old woman's boys and girls had died—four of them—and had left her all alone, with not a single grandchild left to cheer her, and the life out here with Abel Baragar had been unrelieved by much that is heartening to a woman; for Black Andy, Abel's son, was not an inspiring figure, though even his moroseness gave way under her influence. So it was that when Cassy's letter came, her breast seemed to grow warmer and swell with longing to see the wife of her nephew, who had such a bad reputation in Abel's eyes, and to see Cassy's little boy, who was coming, too. After all, whatever Cassy was, she was the mother of Abel's son's son; and Aunt Kate was too old and wise to be frightened by tales told of Cassy or any one else. So, having had her own way so far regarding Cassy's coming, she looked Abel calmly in the eyes, over the gold-rimmed spectacles which were her dearest possession—almost the only thing of value she had. She was not afraid of Abel's anger, and he knew it; but his eldest son, Black Andy, was present, and he must make a show of being master of the situation.

"Aunt Kate," he said, "I didn't make a fuss about you sending the horses and sleigh for her, because women do fool things sometimes. I suppose curiosity got the best of you. Anyhow, mebbe it's right Cassy should find out, once for all, how things stand and that they haven't altered since she took George away and ruined his life and sent him to his grave. That's why I didn't order Mick back when I saw him going out with the team."

"Cassy Mavor," interjected a third voice from a corner behind the great stove—"Cassy Mavor, of the variety dance-and-song, and a talk with the gallery between!"

Aunt Kate looked over at Black Andy, and stopped knitting, for there was that in the tone of the sullen ranchman which stirred in her a sudden anger—and anger was a rare and uncomfortable sensation to her. A flush crept slowly over her face, then it died away, and she said quietly to Black Andy—for she had ever prayed to be master of the demon of temper down deep in her, and she was praying now:

"She earnt her living by singing and dancing, and she's brought up George's boy by it, and singing and dancing isn't a crime—David danced before the Lord! I danced myself when I was a young girl, and before I joined the

church. 'Twas about the only pleasure I ever had; 'bout the only one I like to remember. There's no difference to me 'twixt making your feet handy and clever and full of music and playing with your fingers on the piano or on a melodeon at a meeting. As for singing, it's God's gift, and many a time I wisht I had it. I'd have sung the blackness out of your face and heart, Andy." She leaned back again and began to knit very fast. "I'd like to hear Cassy sing, and see her dance, too."

Black Andy chuckled coarsely. "I heard her sing and saw her dance down at Lumley's often before she took George away East. You wouldn't have guessed she had consumption. She knocked the boys over down at Lumley's. The first night at Lumley's done for George."

Black Andy's face showed no lightening of its gloom as he spoke, but there was a firing up of the black eyes, and the woman with the knitting felt that, for whatever reason, he was purposely irritating his father.

"The devil was in her heels and in her tongue," Andy continued. "With her big mouth, red hair and little eyes, she'd have made anybody laugh. I laughed."

He paused. "You laughed!" snapped out his father with a sneer.

Black Andy's eyes half closed with a morose look, then he went on: "Yes, I laughed at Cassy. While she was out here at Lumley's getting cured, accordin' to the doctor's orders, things seemed to get a move on in the West. But it didn't suit professing Christians like you, dad." He jerked his head toward the old man and drew the spittoon near with his feet.

"The West hasn't been any worse off since she left," snarled the old man.

"Well, she took George with her," grimly retorted Black Andy.

Abel Baragar's heart had been warmer toward his dead son George than to any one else in the world. George had been as fair of face and hair as Andrew was dark, as cheerful and amusing as Andrew was gloomy and dispiriting, as agile and dexterous of mind and body as his brother was slow and angular, as emotional and warm-hearted as the other was phlegmatic and sour—or so it seemed to the father and to nearly all others.

In those old days they had not been very well off. The railway was not completed, and the West had not begun to move. The old man had bought and sold land and cattle and horses, always living on a narrow margin of safety, but in the hope that one day the choice bits of land he was shepherding, here and there, would take a leap up in value; and his judgment had been right. His prosperity had all come since George went away with Cassy Mavor. His anger at George had been the more acute because the thing happened at a time when his affairs were on the edge of a precipice. He had won through it, but only by the merest shave, and it had all left him with a bad spot in his heart, in spite of his having "religion." Whenever he thought of George he instinctively thought of those black days when a land and cattle syndicate was crowding him over the edge into the chasm of failure, and came so near doing it. A few thousand dollars less to put up, here and there, and he would have been ruined—his blood became hotter whenever he thought of it. He had had to fight the worst of it through alone, for George, who

had been useful as a kind of buyer and seller, who was ever all things to all men, and ready with quip and jest, and not a little uncertain as to truth (to which the old man shut his eyes when there was a "deal" on), had, in the end, been of no use at all, and had seemed to go to pieces just when he was most needed. His father had put it all down to Cassy Mavor, who had unsettled things since she had come to Lumley's; and, being a man of very few ideas, he cherished those he had with an exaggerated care. Prosperity had not softened him; it had given him an arrogance unduly emphasized by a reputation for rigid virtue and honesty. The indirect attack which Andrew now made on George's memory roused him to anger, as much because it seemed to challenge his own judgment as cast a slight on the name of the boy whom he had cast off, yet who had a firmer hold on his heart than any human being ever had. It had been only pride which had prevented him from making it up with George before it was too late: but, all the more, he was set against the woman who "kicked up her heels for a living"; and, all the more, he resented Black Andy, who, in his own grim way, had managed to remain a partner with him in their present prosperity, and had done so little for it.

"George helped to make what you've got," he said darkly to his son. "The West missed George. The West said, 'There was a good man ruined by a woman.' The West'd never think anything or anybody missed you, 'xcept yourself. When you went North it never missed you; when you came back its jaw fell. You wasn't fit to black George's boots."

Black Andy's mouth took on a bitter sort of smile, and his eyes drooped furtively, as he struck the damper of the stove heavily with his foot, then he replied slowly: "Well, that's all right; but, if I wasn't fit to black his boots, it isn't my fault. I git my nature honest, as he did. We wasn't any cross-breeds, I s'pose. He got the strain direct—and we was all right on her side." He nodded toward Aunt Kate, whose face was slowly growing pale. She interposed now.

"Can't you leave the dead alone?" she asked in a voice ringing a little. "Can't you let them rest? Ain't it enough to quarrel about the living? Cassy'll be here soon," she added, peering out of the window, "and, if I was you, I'd try and not make her sorry she ever married a Baragar. It ain't a feeling that'd make a sick woman live long."

Aunt Kate did not strike often, but, when she did, she struck hard. Abel Baragar staggered a little under this blow; for, at the moment, it seemed to him that he saw his dead wife's face looking at him from the chair where her sister now sat. Down in his ill-furnished heart, where there had been little which was companionable, there was a shadowed corner—Sophy Baragar had been such a true-hearted, brave-souled woman, and he had been so impatient and exacting with her, till the beautiful face, which had been reproduced in George, had lost its color and its fire, had become careworn, and sweet with that sweetness which goes early out of the world. In all her days the vanished wife had never hinted at as much as Aunt Kate suggested now, and Abel Baragar shut his eyes against the thing which he was seeing. He was not all hard, after all. Aunt Kate turned to Black Andy now. "Mebbe Cassy ain't for long," she said. "Mebbe she's come out for what she came out for before. It seems to me it's that, or she wouldn't have come, because she's young yet, and she's fond of her boy, and she'd not want to bury herself alive out here with us. Mebbe her lungs is bad again."

"Then she's sure to get another husband out here," said the old man, recovering himself. "She got one before easy, on the same ticket." With something of malice he looked over at Black Andy.

"If she can sing and dance as she done nine years ago, I shouldn't wonder," answered Black Andy smoothly. These two men knew each other, they had said hard things to each other for many a year, yet they lived on together, unshaken by each other's moods and words and bitternesses.

"I'm getting old—I'm seventy-nine, and I ain't for long," urged Aunt Kate, looking Abel in the eyes. "Some day soon I'll be stepping out and away. Then things'll go to sixes and sevens, as they did after Sophy died. Some one ought to be here that's got a right to be here, not a hired woman."

Suddenly the old man raged out. "Her—off the stage, to look after this! Her, that's kicked up her heels for a living! It's—no, she's no good. She's common! She's come, and she can go. I ain't having sweepings from the streets living here as if they had rights."

Aunt Kate set her lips. "Sweepings! You've got to take that back, Abel. It's not Christian. You've got to take that back."

"He'll take it back all right before we've done, I guess," remarked Black Andy. "He'll take a lot back."

"Truth's truth, and I'll stand by it, and ——"

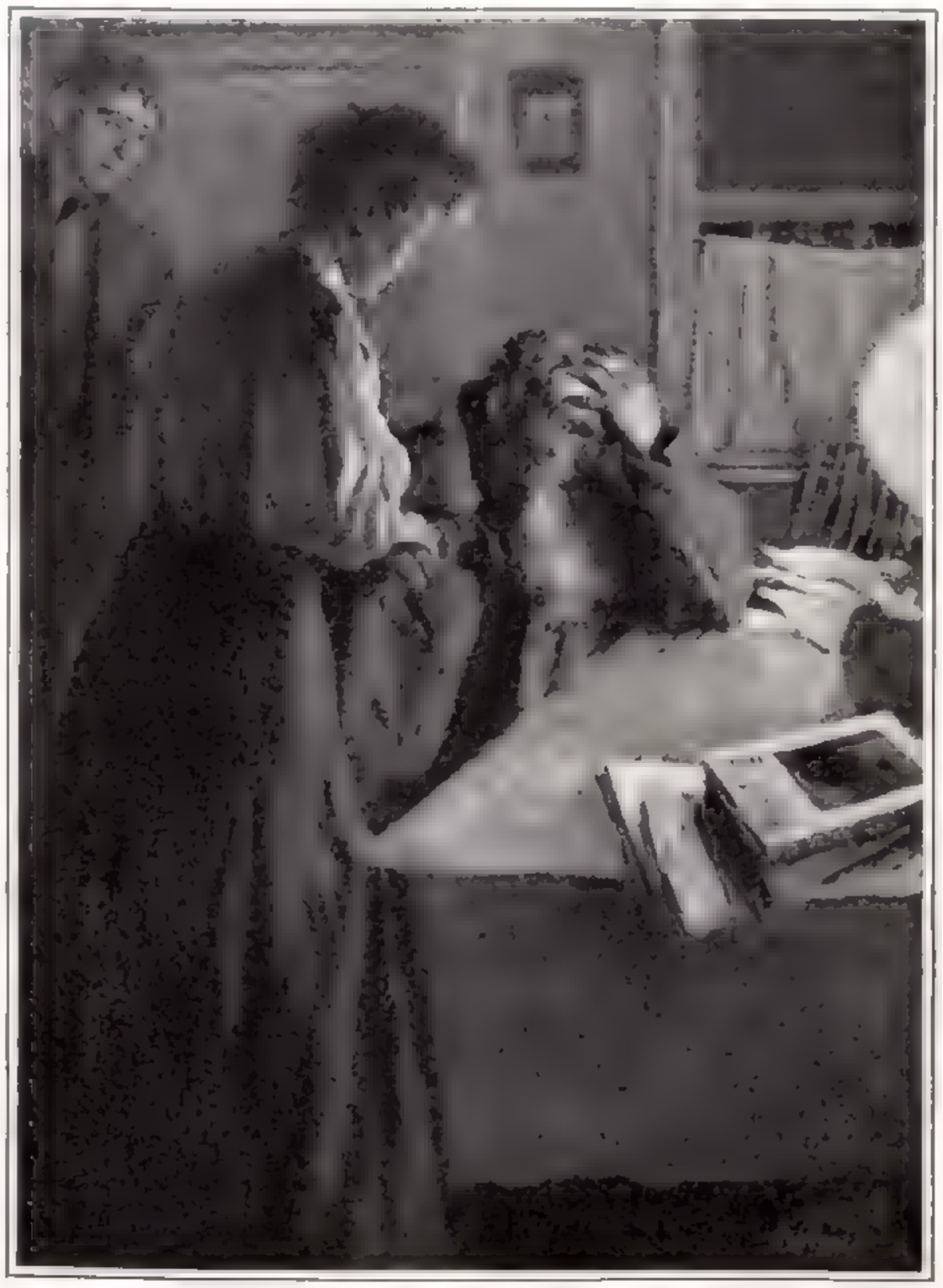
The old man stopped, for there came to them now clearly the sound of sleigh-bells. They all stood still for an instant, silent and attentive, then Aunt Kate moved toward the door.

"Cassy's come," she said. "Cassy, and George's boy 've come."

Another instant and the door was opened on the beautiful, white, sparkling world, and the low sleigh, with its great warm buffalo robes, in which the small figures of a woman and a child were almost lost, stopped at the door.

Two whimsical but tired eyes looked over a rim of rough fur at the old woman in the doorway, then Cassy's voice rang out: "Hello, that's Aunt Kate, I know! Well, here we are, and here's my boy. Jump, George!"

A moment later and the gaunt old woman folded both mother and son in her arms, and drew them into the room. The door was shut, and they all faced each other.



"George—George Stole from Me—Stole Money from Me!"

The old man and Black Andy did not move, but stood staring at the trim figure in black, with the plain face, large mouth and tousled red hair, and the dreamy-eyed, handsome little boy beside her.

Black Andy stood behind the stove, looking over at the newcomers with quizzical, almost furtive eyes, and his father remained for a moment with mouth open, gazing at his dead son's wife and child, as though not quite comprehending the scene. The sight of the boy had brought back, in some strange, embarrassing way, a vision of thirty years before, when George was a little boy in buckskin pants and jacket, and was beginning to ride the prairie with him. This boy was like George, yet not like him. The face was George's, the sensuous, luxurious mouth, but the eyes were not those of a Baragar, nor yet those of Aunt Kate's family; and they were not wholly like the mother's. They were full and brimming, while hers were small and whimsical, yet they had her quick, humorous flashes, and her quaintness.

"Have I changed so much? Have you forgotten me?" Cassy said, looking the old man in the eyes. "You look as strong as a bull." She held out her hand to him and laughed.

"Hope I see you well," said Abel Baragar mechanically, as he took the hand and shook it awkwardly.

"Oh, I'm all right," answered the nonchalant little woman, undoing her jacket. "Shake hands with your grandfather, George," she added. "That's right—don't talk too much," she added with a half-nervous little laugh, as the old man, with a kind of fixed smile, and the child shook hands in silence.

Presently she saw Black Andy behind the stove. "Well, Andy, have you been here ever since?" she asked, and, as he came forward, she suddenly caught him by both arms, stood on tiptoe, and kissed him. "Last time I saw you you were behind the stove at Lumley's. Nothing's ever too warm for you," she added. "You'd be shivering on the Equator. You were always hugging the stove at Lumley's."

"Things was pretty warm there, too, Cassy," he said, with a sidelong look at his father.

She saw the look, her face flashed with sudden temper, then her eyes fell on her boy, now lost in the arms of Aunt Kate, and she curbed herself. "There were plenty of things doing at Lumley's in those days," she said brusquely. "We were all young and fresh then," she added, and then something seemed to catch her voice, and she coughed a little a hard, dry, feverish cough. "Are the Lumleys all right? Are they still there, at the Forks?" she asked after the little paroxysm of coughing.

"Cleaned out—all scattered! We own the Lumleys' place now," replied Black Andy with another sidelong glance at his father, who, as he put some more wood on the fire, and opened the damper of the stove wider, grimly watched and listened.

"Jim, and Lance, and Jerry, and Abner?" she asked almost abstractedly.

"Jim's dead—shot by a United States marshal by mistake for a smuggler!" answered Black Andy suggestively. "Lance is up on the Yukon, busted; Jerry is one of our hands on the place; and Abner is in jail."

"Abner—in jail," she said in a dazed kind of way. "What did he do? Abner always seemed so straight."

"Oh, he sloped with a thousand dollars of the railway people's money. They caught him, and he got seven years."

"He was married, wasn't he?" she asked in a low voice.

"Yes—Phenie Tyson. There's no children, so she's all right, and divorce is cheap over in the States, where she is now."

"Phenie Tyson didn't marry Abner because he was a saint, but because he was a man, I suppose," she replied. "And the old folks?" she added.

"Both dead. What Abner done sent the old man to his grave. But Abner's mother died a year before."

"What Abner done killed his father," said Abel Baragar with dry emphasis. "Phenie Tyson was extravagant—wanted this and that, and nothin' was too good for her. Abner spoilt his life gettin' her what she wanted; and it broke Ezra Lumley's heart."

George's wife looked at him for a moment with her eyes screwed up, and then she laughed softly. "My, it's curious how some folks go up and some go down! It must be lonely for Phenie waiting all these years for Abner to get free. . . . I had the happiest time in my life at Lumley's. I was getting better of my—cold. While I was there I got lots of strength stored up, to last me many a year when I needed it; and, then, George and I were married at Lumley's."

Aunt Kate came slowly over with the boy, and laid a hand on Cassy's shoulder, for there was an undercurrent to the conversation which boded no good. The very first words uttered had plunged Abel Baragar and his son's wife into the midst of the difficulty which she had hoped might, after all, be avoided.

"Come, and I'll show you your room, Cassy," she said. "It faces south, and you'll get the sun all day. It's like a sun-parlor. We're going to have supper in a couple of

hours, and you must rest some first. Is the house warm enough for you?"

The little garish woman did not reply directly, but shook back her red hair, and caught her boy to her breast and kissed him; then she said in that staccato manner which had given her words on the stage such point and emphasis: "Oh, this house is most too hot for me, Aunt Kate."

Then she moved toward the door with the grave, kindly old woman, her son's hand in her own.

"You can see Lumley's place from your window, Cassy," said Black Andy grimly. "We got a mortgage on it, and foreclosed, and it's ours now; and Jerry Lumley's stock-riding for us. Anyhow, he's better off than Abner, or Abner's wife."

Cassy turned at the door and faced him. Instinctively she caught at some latent conflict with old Abel Baragar in what Black Andy had said, and her face softened, for it suddenly flashed into her mind that Andy was not against her.

"I'm glad to be back West," she said. "It meant a lot to me when I was at Lumley's." She coughed a little again, but turned to the door with a laugh.

"How long have you come to stay here—out West?" asked the old man furtively.

"Oh, there's plenty of time to think of that," she answered brusquely, and she heard Black Andy laugh derisively and loudly as the door closed behind her.

In a blaze of joy the sun swept down behind the southern hills, and the windows of Lumley's house at the Forks, catching the oblique rays, glittered and shone like flaming silver. Nothing of life showed, save the cattle here and there creeping away to the shelter of the foothills for the night. The white, placid snow made a coverlet as wide as the vision of the eye, save where spruce and cedar trees gave a touch of warmth and refuge, here and there. Nothing in all the field of life, so far as the eye could see—and as it might seem—moved in pain. A wonderful, buoyant peace seemed to rest upon the wide, silent expanse. The birds of song were gone south over the hills, and the living wild things of the prairies had stolen into winter quarters. Yet as Cassy Mavor looked out upon the exquisite beauty of the scene, upon the splendid outspanning of the sun along the hills, the deep plangent blue of the sky and the thrilling light, she saw a world in agony, and she heard the moans of the afflicted. The sun shone bright on the windows of Lumley's house, but she could hear the crying of Abner's wife, and of old Ezra and Eliza Lumley, when their children were stricken or shamed, when Abel Baragar drew tighter and tighter the chains of the mortgage, which at last made them tenants in a house once their own. Only eight years ago, and all this had happened. And what had not happened to her, too, in those eight years!

With George—reckless, useless, loving, lying George—she had left Lumley's with her sickness cured, as it seemed, after a long year in the West, and had begun life again. What sort of a life had it been? "kicking up her heels on the stage," as Abel Baragar had said; but, somehow, not as it was before she went West to give her perforated lung to the healing air of the plains, and to live outdoors with the men, a man's life. Then she had never put a curb on her tongue, or greatly on her actions, except that, though a hundred men quarreled openly, or in their own minds, about her, no one had ever had any *right* to quarrel about her. With a tongue which made men gasp with laughter, with as comic a gift as ever woman had, and as equally comic a face, she had been a good-natured little tyrant in her way. She had given a kiss here and here, and had taken one, but always there had been before her mind the picture of a careworn woman who struggled to bring up her three children honestly and without the help of charity, and, with a sigh of content and weariness, had died as Cassy made her first hit on the stage and her name became a household word. And Cassy, garish, gay, freckled, witty and whimsical, had never forgotten those days when her mother prayed and worked her heart out to do her duty by her children. Cassy Mavor had made her following, had won her place, was the idol of "the gallery," and yet she was "of the people," as she had always been—until her first sickness came, and she had gone out to Lumley's, out along the foothills of the Rockies.

What had made her fall in love with George Baragar? She could not have told if she had been asked. He was wayward, given to drink at times, given also to card-playing and racing; but he had a way with him which few women could resist, and which made men his friends, and he had a sense of humor akin to her own. In any case, one day she let him catch her up in his arms, and there was the end of it! But, no, not the end, after all. It was only the beginning of real life for her. All that had gone before seemed but playing on the threshold, though it had meant hard, bitter hard, work, and temptation and patience and endurance of many kinds. And now George was gone forever; but George's little boy lay there on the bed in a soft sleep, with all his life before him.

She turned from the warm window and the buoyant, inspiring scene to the bed, and, stooping over, she kissed the sleeping boy with an abrupt eagerness, and made a little awkward, hungry gesture of love over him, and her face flushed hot with the passion of motherhood in her.

"All I've got now!" she murmured. "Nothing else left—nothing else at all!"

She heard the door open behind her, and she turned around. Aunt Kate was entering with a bowl in her hands.

"I heard you moving about, and I've brought you something hot to drink," she said.

"That's real good of you, Aunt Kate," was the cheerful reply. "But it's near suppertime, and I don't need it."

"It's boneset tea—for your cold," answered Aunt Kate gently, and put it on the high dressing-table made of a wooden box and covered with muslin. "For your cold, Cassy," she repeated.

The little woman stood still a moment gazing at the steaming bowl, lines growing suddenly around her mouth, then she looked at Aunt Kate quizzically. "Is my cold bad—so bad that I want boneset?" she asked in a queer, constrained voice.

"It's comforting, is boneset tea, even when there's no cold, 'specially when the whisky's good and the boneset and camomile has steeped some days."

"Have you been steeping them some days?" Cassy asked softly, eagerly.

Aunt Kate nodded, then tried to explain. "It's always good to be prepared, and I didn't know but what the cold you used to have might be come back," she said. "But I'm glad if it ain't, and if that little cough of yours is only one of the measly little hacks people get in the East, where it's so damp."

Cassy was at the window again, looking out at the dying radiance of the sun. Her voice seemed hollow and strange and rather rough, as she said in reply: "It's a real cold, deep down, the same as I had nine years ago, Aunt Kate; and it's come to stay, I guess. That's why I came back West. But I couldn't have gone to Lumley's again even if they were at the Forks now, for I'm too poor. I'm a back-number now. I had to give up singing and dancing a year ago, after George died. So I don't earn my living any more, and I had to come to George's father with George's boy."

Aunt Kate had a shrewd mind, and it was tactful, too. She did not understand why Cassy, who had earned so much money all these years, should be so poor now, unless it was that she hadn't saved—that she and George hadn't saved. But, looking at the woman before her, and the child on the bed, she was convinced that the woman was a good woman, that, singer and dancer as she was, there was no reason why any home should be closed to her, or any heart should shut its doors before her. She guessed a reason for this poverty of Cassy Mavor, but it only made her lay a hand on the little woman's shoulders, and gently turn her around and look her in the eyes.

"Cassy," she said gently, "you was right to come here. There's trials before you, but, for the boy's sake, you must bear them. Sophy, George's mother, had to bear them, and Abel was fond of her, too, in his way. He's stored up a lot of things to say, and he'll say them, but you'll keep the boy in your mind, won't you, Cassy, and be patient? You got rights here, and it's comfortable, and there's plenty, and the air will cure your lung, as it did before. It did all right before, didn't it?" She handed the bowl of boneset tea. "Take it. It'll do you good, Cassy," she added.

Cassy said nothing in reply. She looked at the bed where her boy lay, she looked at the angular face of the woman with its brooding motherliness, at the soft gray hair, and, with a little gasp of feeling, she raised the bowl to her lips, and drank freely. Then, putting it down, she said: "He doesn't mean to have us, Aunt Kate, but I'll try and keep my temper down. Did he ever laugh in his life?"

"He laughs sometimes—kind o' laughs."

"I'll make him laugh real, if I can," Cassy rejoined. "I've made a lot of people laugh in my time."

The old woman leaned suddenly over and drew the red, ridiculous head to her shoulder with a grasp of affection, and her eyes were full of tears.

Three hours later the problem was solved in the big sitting-room where Cassy had first been received with her boy. Aunt Kate sat with her feet on the hassock rocking gently, and watching and listening. Black Andy was behind the great stove with his chair tilted back, carving the bowl of a pipe; the old man sat rigid by the table, looking straight before him, and smacking his lips, now and then, as he was wont to do at meeting; while Cassy, with her chin in her hands and elbows on her knees, gazed into the fire and waited for the storm to break.

Abel Baragar had stored up anger and righteous antipathy for years, and this was the first chance he had had of visiting his displeasure on the woman who had "ruined" George, and who had now come to get "rights" which he was determined she should not have. He had steeled himself against seeing any good in her whatever. Self-will, self-pride and self-righteousness were big in him, and so the supper had ended in silence, and with a little attack of coughing on the part of Cassy, which made her angry at herself. Then the boy had been put to bed, and she had come back to await the expected outburst. She could feel it in the air, and while her blood tingled in a desire to fight this hard old man to the bitter end, she thought of her boy and his future, and she calmed the tumult in her veins.

She did not have to wait very long. The sharp, querulous voice of the old man broke the silence.

"When be you goin' back East? What time did you fix for goin'?" he asked at Cassy, not directly of her.

She raised her head and looked at him squarely. "I didn't fix any time for going East again," she replied. "I came out West this time to stay."

"I thought you was on the stage," was the rejoinder.

"I've left the stage. My voice went when I got a bad cold again, and I couldn't stand the drafts of the theatre, and so I couldn't dance either. I'm finished with the stage. I've come out here for good and all."

"Where did you think of livin' out here?"

"I'd like to have gone to Lumley's, but that's not possible, is it? Anyhow, I couldn't afford it now. So I thought I'd stay here, if there was room for me."

"You want to board here?"

"I didn't put it to myself that way. I thought perhaps you'd be glad to have me. I'm handy. I can cook. I can sew. And I'm quite cheerful and kind. Then there's George—little George. I thought you'd like your grandson here with you."

"I've lived without him—or his father—for eight years, an' I could bear it a while yet, mebbe."

"But, if you knew us better, perhaps you'd like us better," rejoined Cassy gently. "We're both pretty easy to get on with, and we see the bright side of things. He has a wonderful disposition, has George."

"I ain't goin' to like you any better," said the old man, getting to his feet. "I ain't goin' to give you any rights here. I've thought it out, and my mind's made up. You can't come it over me. You ruined my boy's life and sent him to his grave. He'd have lived to be an old man out here; but you spoiled him. You trapped him into marrying you, with your kicking, and your comic songs, and your tricks of the stage, and you parted us—parted him and me forever."

"That was your fault. George wanted to make it up."

"With you?" The old man's voice rose higher, the bitterness and passion of years were shooting high in the narrow confines of his mind. The geyser of his prejudice and antipathy was furiously alive. "To come back with you that ruined him and broke up my family, and made my life like bitter aloes! No! And if I wouldn't have him with you, do you think I'll have you without him? By the God of Israel, no!"

Black Andy was now standing up behind the stove intently watching, his face grim and sombre; Aunt Kate sat with both hands gripping the arms of the rocker.

Cassy got slowly to her feet. "I have been as straight a woman as your mother or your wife ever was," she said, "and all the world knows it. I'm poor—and I might have been rich. I was true to myself before I married George, and I was true to George after, and all I earned he shared—and I've got little left. The mining stock I bought with what I saved went smash, and I'm poor as I was when I started to work for myself. I can work a while yet, but I wanted to see if I could fit in out here and get well again, and get my boy fixed in the house of his grandfather. That's the way I'm placed, and that's how I came. But give a dog a bad name—you shame your dead boy in thinking bad of me! I didn't ruin him. I didn't kill him. He never came to any bad through me. I helped him; he was happy. Why, I——" She stopped suddenly. "Go on, say what you want to say, and let's understand, once for all," she added, with a sudden sharpness.

Abel Baragar drew himself up. "Well, I say this: I'll give you three thousand dollars, and you can go somewhere else to live. I'll keep the boy here. That's what I've fixed in my own mind to do. You can go, and the boy stays. I ain't goin' to live with you that spoiled George's life."

The eyes of the woman dilated, she trembled with a sudden rush of anger, then stood still staring in front of her without a word. Black Andy stepped from behind the stove.

"You are going to stay here, Cassy," he said—"here, where you have rights as good as any, and better than any, if it comes to that." He turned to his father. "You thought a lot of George," he added. "He was the apple of your eye. He had a soft tongue, and most people liked him; but George was foolish—I've known it all these years. George was pretty foolish. He gambled, he bet at races. He speculated. You didn't know it. He took five thousand dollars of your money, got from the Wonegosh Farm he sold for you. He——"

Cassy Mavor started forward with a cry, but Black Andy waved her down.

"No, I'm going to tell it. George lost your five thousand dollars, Dad, gambling, racing, speculating. He told her—Cassy—two days after they was married, and she took the money she earned on the stage and give it to him to pay you back on the quiet through the bank. You never knew, but that's the kind of boy your son George was, and that's the kind of wife he had. George told me all about it when I was East, six years ago."

He came over to Cassy and stood beside her. "I'm standing by George's wife," he said, taking her hand, while she shut her eyes in her misery had she not hid her husband's wrongdoing all these years? "I'm standing by her. If it hadn't been for that five thousand dollars she paid back for George you'd have been swamped when the syndicate got after you, and we wouldn't have had Lumley's place, nor this, nor anything. I guess she's got rights here, Dad, as good as any."

The old man sank slowly into a chair. "George George stole from me stole money from me!" he said. His face was white. His pride and vainglory were broken. He was a haggard, shaken figure. Self-righteousness was leveled in the dust.

With sudden impulse Cassy stole over to him, and took his hand and held it tight. "Don't! Don't feel so bad!" she said. "He was weak and wild then. But he was all right afterward. He was happy with me."

"I've owed Cassy this for a good many years, Dad," said Black Andy, "and it had to be paid. She's got better stuff in her than any Baragar."

An hour later the old man said to Cassy at the door of her room: "You got to stay here and git well. It's yours—what's here."

Then he went downstairs, and sat with Aunt Kate by the fire.

"I guess she's a good woman," he said at last. "I didn't use her right."

"You've been lucky with your womenfolk," Aunt Kate answered quietly.

"Yes, I've bin lucky," he answered. "I dunno if I deserve it. Mebbe not. Do you think she'll git well?"

"It's a healing air out here," Aunt Kate answered, and listened to the wood of the house snapping in the sharp frost.

THE NEW REPORTER

And How He Views the Doings at the Capitol

COLONEL JIM JOHNSON worked according to schedule. He had borrowed two dollars and repaid me, and had borrowed ten dollars and repaid that. According to his theory, I was ripe for a twenty-five-dollar borrow which would never be paid back. He considered he had fertilized the ground sufficiently.

He might have been successful, too, if Wilkins had not told me about the game, for I had saved a little money for a trip to New York, and I had it in my pocket when he made his play. I went into the lobby of the New Willard Hotel. Johnson was sitting on one of the big, leather sofas. He jumped up when he saw me and almost embraced me. "I'm so glad to see you," he said, "for I have been following your work and I wanted to tell you how well you are doing. You are catching on, all right. I hear all the big Senators and members talking about it, and the other day Vice-President Fairbanks quoted quite a slug from one of your pieces and said the young man who wrote that knew what he was talking about."

Well, I about half bit. I didn't swallow all the bait, but I would have if what Wilkins told me had not been in my mind. So I said something about being highly complimented and started to move away.

"Wait a minute," he said, "I have something particular I want to talk to you about. I have been carrying quite a line of stocks in one of the broker's offices here and this bear market has played hob with me. I had a call for margins this morning, and when I went to the bank I found, to my utter surprise, that I was short fifty dollars of the amount I need to make good. Now, those stocks are going up to-morrow. I have it direct from some of the biggest people in New York. It seems absurd that with so many thousands invested I am short fifty dollars, doesn't it? Odd predicament for a man of my standing and influence to be found in, isn't it?"

I told him almost any man was likely to get short some time or other, and he cheered up a lot.

"That's so," he exclaimed enthusiastically. "That's as true as you're alive. Why, only the other day Senator Guggenheim, who is one of the richest men in the Senate, told me of an experience of his, which I am not at liberty to repeat, of course, but which was as odd as this situation in which I find myself. I was going up to see the Senator this afternoon, but maybe you can help me out until to-morrow. Can you spare that fifty so I can go around and pay that avaricious broker, and in the morning I will look you up and return it."

I told the Colonel I couldn't spare it.

"Haven't you got it?" he asked commiseratingly.

"Yes, I've got it; right here in my pocket," I said; "but you won't get it." I spoke with some force.

"Now, my boy," soothed Colonel Johnson, "don't adopt that tone about this matter. It is of no consequence to me, you know. I can go to any one of half a hundred men and get all I want. I merely happened to see you here and thought I might save myself trouble, that is all. Think no more about it. By the way, how much have you got about you?"

Plain Truths for a Piker

I told him it was none of his business. Just then Senator Guggenheim came by. "There's Guggenheim," I said, "your dear friend. Why don't you go and get that measly fifty from him?"

Colonel Johnson figdeted. "Oh," he said, "I don't want to bother him about it here in this public place. It's of no consequence. I'll see somebody else and get it. Suppose you let me take twenty-five of it and I'll get the other twenty-five somewhere else."

"Johnson," I said, for I was good and hot about it, "let me tell you something about yourself. I don't believe you ever spoke to Senator Guggenheim in your life, and, what is more, I don't believe he would let you speak to him. You have been bluffing me long enough about your acquaintance with men here in Washington who are powerful and important. I don't believe you know any of them."

"Yes, I do, son," he protested. "Yes, I do. Don't fool yourself about that. I know most all of them. I know a lot of them extremely well. I can get—can—get ——" his voice broke and he pulled me over to the sofa.

"Oh," he said, "what's the use? It ain't worth while to try to con you, anyhow. Somebody has been making you wise. Let me tell you a few things, young man."

He looked down at the floor for a minute. "Time was," he said, "when I made a good living in this town, influencing legislation, or lobbying, if you want to call it that. I had a war record and some political strength and I was in the game. That was a good many years ago. But the men I knew who had control of things went out of public life or died and I couldn't get in right with the new men, and here I was, left stranded, with nothing to do back home, and no way to get a living here except to pick it up as well as I could."

A Played-Out Graft

"There are a lot more in this town who are in the same shape as I am, and the thing has got down now until it's pretty near petty larceny. In the old days I could take a fee with some prospects of giving some value returned, but it ain't so now. If I'd try to talk to any man of importance he'd probably throw me in the street. The graft is no good. The lobbying that's done is done by special agents, most often from the home offices of the concerns interested or by the big men in the corporations that want things, and the pickings have all been gobbled up by fellows who are working side grafts of their own and have left nothing for me and the other old-timers but borrowing, and that's a mighty precarious way to live, I can tell you.

"Of course, I can turn a trick from time to time. There are some of the games that ain't exactly played out, but most of them are. Men who want influence here have to come from pretty far back in the woods before I can do any business with them. There never was a time when lobbying wasn't mostly all fake, and it's got so now that it is worse than fake. It's getting money by stealing door-mats. If I can find some green ones—and I watch the hotels pretty sharp, I tell you—I try to land them, by getting into conversation with them and then proposing that I shall see the men they want to reach to get their claims through or to urge their legislation. I can give them a good talk and I can fool them, if nobody gets in ahead of me.

"If they will give me a small retainer I can tell them I will see the men they want to influence, and I go up to the Capitol and see them. Of course, I don't talk with them, but I see them from the galleries, so it ain't exactly lying, but it's pretty near. If I can keep them from mixing up in the Capitol I can get in a few dollars. If I can't, they find out I haven't any strength up there any more, and I don't get anything.

"In the old days these people fell for it easily, and it wasn't so hard to get some money. Now they want results before they will produce, and it keeps me busy getting enough to keep shaved and my shoes shined, so I can put up a good front. Besides, the big fellows have lawyers of their own here, and they look after all the work there is. I haven't got enough any more to invite anybody to dinner, and it has got to be a pretty rank sucker who will come across for me.

"There's a dozen men in this town who used to be prosperous and with money to spend they got by pretending to lobby for folks who wanted influence. All of them are as badly down and out as I am. To be sure, there are some young grafters around who are doing pretty well, but they have got the game specialized, while the only game I know is the strong-arm one, that was good once, but is no good now.

"The best game that's going now is the information game. There are a lot of chaps who are getting good money by pretending to supply advance information about legislation, and all that sort of thing. Of course, there are some legitimate ones. I don't know anything about them. I mean the fellows who get commissions to supply advance information about what will happen in regard to bills and decisions of the court and all that, and who couldn't find out anything in a year. They make a big bluff and send out tips they hear from the correspondents, and they do well. I am too old for that sort of work.

"Another graft is the publicity game. I know some fellows in this town who are making money by going to people who have things they want promoted and telling them they can get stuff in the papers favorable to their schemes for so much a day or a week. They show these people lists of newspaper men they claim they control, and, if they get a job, they write stuff and send it around to the newspaper offices. Most of the correspondents throw the stuff on the floor, but that doesn't matter. If a man comes down here and wants a hearing before a committee reported, and falls for one of those talks from these fellows about getting stuff in the papers, they simply cut out the Associated Press report and everything else that is printed about it and collect on that; and if they tried, personally to get the correspondents to print anything they would be dropped down the elevator shafts.

"There are a lot of people in this country who do not know how things go here, and think it is a trick to get a copy of a bill or a resolution or something like that. These are the men the publicity boys land, and land hard. They make a quick dash to a document-room, come back with the bills and a lot of bunco information, and the fellow who has employed them thinks he has struck somebody who walks home with the Speaker every night and knows Uncle Joe's innermost secrets. The publicity thing is compounded with the press-agent game also. There are press agents in Washington so thick that you step on them when you come in here or try to get through the crowd at the main door of the House. They carry lists of correspondents they claim they control and will boost anybody for a price, but they get the price first. They do not control anything or anybody, and are as bogus as their claims."

The Professional Tipster

"The special agents from the corporations have put a crimp in my game so big it looks like a hole where a meteor struck. They have the right sort of introductions and they see the right people. When they have any publicity work to do they try to hire fellows to sneak it across to their papers for them. They don't hire them, for my experience with the Washington correspondents is that they are, in the great majority, straight and honest and loyal to their people. Still, these people pull off a trick where they can and send it around to Congress as the opinion of the paper in which it is printed. Patriots in Congress are afraid of the papers, and when this game works it is worth money.

"There are fellows in this town who are making a good living pretending to be able to forecast Supreme Court decisions, and fellows who make up polls of committees, and that sort of thing, and get money for it. There are men who walk around, or try to walk around, with Senators and Representatives, or be seen in public places with them, and then cash in on it with some fool who has something he wants and can be impressed. I am down and out on this, for I have worked it in years gone by, and now there is nobody left with whom I can do any business or be seen.

"The man-from-home game is stronger in Washington than it is anywhere else on earth. I have still got a crack at that, for, occasionally, a man drifts in from my district who will believe what I tell him and will give up some money. The hotel lobbies are the working grounds for the man-from-home chaps. They watch the registers. Most of them are fellows who have been in politics or newspaper work in their States before they got here, and were

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"There are a lot of side lines to all these games, ramifications that reach out in various special ways. You will run across ex-members and ex-Senators dropping in from time to time, and some of them stay here after they get out of office. They have the privileges of the floor and can do a lot of work. They do it, too, to the detriment of men like me who have to hang around the corridors of the Capitol and the hotel lobbies.

"It's all changed," continued Colonel Johnson, "all changed. I can't do much even now with the G. A. R. game, although any old soldier will give up, but most of them haven't much. The younger generation do not fall for the heroes of the days between '61 and '65 as their fathers did, and do yet, whenever they get here. It is hard, boy, hard, and I hate myself for doing it, but what else is there for me? I came here after the war and had a job or two. I tried my hand at lobbying and made some successes. It looked good then, and I got so I couldn't do anything else, or didn't have any disposition to work for my money. Then my friends began to die and leave Washington and I fell back and back, and now I'm here, stranded, making a measly living at petty larceny, for that, as I said, is about what it is."

The Colonel sighed deeply. I was much affected. "Colonel," I said earnestly, "I think I can do something for you. I stand pretty well with our delegation, and I think they would get you some sort of work if I asked them to—put you on some pay-roll, I mean."

"Work?" exclaimed the Colonel. "Who said anything about work? I am too old to work. I don't want any work."

"What do you want?" I asked, disgusted.

"Well," said the Colonel, "I would be glad if you could spare a ten. No? How about five? No? Two, then. I haven't picked up anything in some time."

I gave him two dollars.

He took it with a bow, put it in his pocket, twirled his mustache, put his hat on the side of his head and started away.

"Good-by," he said. "Much obliged. By the way, don't be under any delusions about this two. You won't get it back."

YOUR SAVINGS

A Time to Buy Bonds

IN THE matter of investments, as in any other business, there are good and bad seasons. Like the ill wind that usually blows somebody good, the late panic, which for a time demoralized Wall Street and caused widespread alarm and distrust, brought to the average investor with savings a chance to employ his money safely and profitably because it caused the prices of all securities to go down. Now that the panic has subsided and business, especially that important part of it which relates to money and securities, is returning to normal, a condition presents itself which is of value to all investors. Summed up it is: If you want to buy bonds, and this means if you want to put your money into the safest form of security, now is the time to do so, because the bond-market, which had been dull a long while, is becoming active, and if present conditions continue, bonds will continue to increase in price.

The circumstances which have brought about this condition are of interest to all people with savings, or who expect to have savings. They grow principally out of the state of the money market. Money has a market like any commodity. When there is a big demand for money the price for it (which is the rate of interest charged) goes up; when there is little demand for it the price goes down. When no money is available the vast machinery of business runs down.

During the late panic you will remember that money became very scarce. Many people withdrew their deposits from banks and hoarded them. No matter where you lived you found difficulty in getting hold of the actual cash. Many substitutes for money, such as Clearing-House certificates, were issued. In New York, which is the financial heart of the country, money was scarcer than at any other place. Interest rates soared. Call money—that is, money loaned subject to call or demand—brought more than one hundred per cent. interest.

It is natural for people who have money to employ it in the way which yields the largest return. So, in panic times, they lend it out. As a result of this there is little demand for bonds and they go down in price. In addition, many people who happen to own high-class bonds and who find themselves in need of money, find it necessary to sell their bonds in order to obtain the money. This throws a mass of good securities on the market and it helps to send down the price of bonds. But such times afford the average investor with savings extraordinary opportunities to buy bond bargains, and it will be remembered that attention was called to the fact, and a list of cheap bonds was published in this department some months ago.

With the passing of panic conditions there has come the usual result in so far as bonds are concerned. With the return of confidence the Clearing-House certificates have been withdrawn; other substitutes for money have disappeared and money has become plentiful. In other words, it is "easy," and the rates for it, all along the line, are relatively low. Instead of being hoarded, or being loaned out, it is almost begging for employment.

When money goes down, bonds go up. This is the reason: the large amount of money that is seeking employment and which cannot be loaned naturally goes into the safest and most available medium, and this is bonds. One reason why bonds are selected is because, especially after a long financial depression, people want their investments to be as safe as possible. They remember the suspension of banks, the failure of trust companies, the manipulation of funds, so they turn to bonds which combine security, income and profit.

In November, when the last list of bonds was published in "Your Savings," practically all the standard investment bonds were selling below their usual market prices. Since the first of the year, however, with the disappearance of panic conditions and the abundance of money, they have begun to rise. Many bonds have advanced five points, and some more.

Why Bonds are in Demand

Other conditions besides the money market will help to increase the demand for bonds this year. One, for example, is the proposed currency legislation.

Again, this is a Presidential year, and one of its traditions is that business shall be unsettled. In the past, this has meant that many business men, instead of putting more money into their business, have put it into bonds.

Therefore, as the man or woman with savings or other funds to invest can readily see, if this is likely to be a bond year, as there is every indication it will be, now is the time to buy bonds.

Since a large part of the bonds held for investment are those of the great railroad systems, the following types, with the prices and yields at the time this article is written, are given:

Southern Pacific First Consolidated Refunding Mortgage 4s, due in 1955. It may be bought at 91 and interest, and the yield would be about 4.50 per cent.

Louisville and Nashville Railroad (Atlanta, Knoxville and Chattanooga Division) Mortgage 4s, due in 1955. The price is 88½ and interest, and the yield is about 4.65 per cent.

Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Gold Debenture 4s, due in 1931. This bond may be bought at 91¼ and interest, and the yield would be about 4.60 per cent.

Pennsylvania Railroad Convertible Gold 3½s, due in 1915. This bond is convertible into stock of the company at 75 (the par value being 50). It may be bought for 90 and interest, and the yield would be about 5.20 per cent.

Baltimore and Ohio General Mortgage 4s, due in 1948. The present price is about par and interest, and the yield would then be 4 per cent.

Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Convertible 5s, due in 1917. The present price is 98 and interest, and the yield would be about 5.20 per cent. This bond is convertible into common stock on the basis of ten shares, par value of 100, for each $1000 bond.

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific General Mortgage 4s, due in 1988. The price is about par and interest, and the yield would be about 4 per cent.

Chicago and Northwestern (Sioux City and Pacific Division) First Mortgage 3½s, due in 1936. The price is 88½ and interest, and the yield would be about 4.20 per cent.

Louisville and Nashville Unified 4s, due in 1940. At the present price of 98 and interest the yield would be about 4.05 per cent.

Central Pacific First Refunding 4s, due in 1949. The present price is 96 and interest, and the yield would be about 4.20 per cent.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy (Illinois Division) Mortgage 4s, due in 1949. At the present price of par and interest the yield would be about 4 per cent.

Union Pacific Convertible 4s, due in 1927. The present price is 86 and interest, which would make the yield about 5 per cent. This bond is convertible into common stock on the basis of $175 a share.

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul (Chicago and Pacific Western Division) First Mortgage Gold 5s, due in 1921. The price is 110 and interest, and the yield would be about 4 per cent.

New York Central and Hudson River Refunding Mortgage 3½s, due in 1997. At the present price of 89 and interest the yield would be about 3.90 per cent.

Practically all these bonds are legal investments for savings-banks in those States which put the most rigid safeguards about the investment of savings-bank funds.

The prices of short-term notes have also increased, but they are still of a character to give a good yield on the money invested. The trouble with this kind of investment is that it expires soon and the investor has to face anew the problem of reinvesting his funds. Some types of short-term notes, with their prices and yields at the time this article is written, are as follows:

	Price	Yield
American Telegraph and Telephone five per cent. gold notes, due January, 1910	97¼	6.50
New York Central five per cent. gold notes, due February, 1910	99	6.50
Lake Shore and Michigan Southern five per cent. gold notes, due February, 1910	99	5.50
Michigan Central five per cent. gold notes, due February, 1910	99	5.50
Louisville and Nashville five per cent. gold notes, due March, 1910	98¾	5.75
Pennsylvania Railroad five per cent. gold notes, due March, 1910	99	5.50
Chesapeake and Ohio six per cent. gold notes, due July, 1910	99¼	6.25

These prices are all "and interest" prices.

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THE PARTNERS

(Continued from Page 15)

to me his undivided one-half interest in our enterprises."

"Vell? You vant to borrow dot money of me?" asked Heinzman. "I could not raise it."

"I know that perfectly well," replied Newmark coolly. "You are going to have difficulty meeting your July notes, as it is."

Heinzman hardly seemed to breathe, but a flicker of red blazed in his eye.

"Proceed," he repeated, noncommittally, after a moment.

"I intend," went on Newmark, "to furnish this money myself. It must, however, seem to be loaned by another. I want you to lend this money on mortgage."

"What for?" asked Heinzman.

"For a one-tenth of Orde's share in case he does not meet those notes."

"But he vill meet the notes," objected Heinzman. "You are a prosperous concern. I know somethings of *your* business also."

"He thinks he will," rejoined Newmark grimly. "I will merely point out to you that his entire income is from the firm; and that from this income he must save twenty-odd thousand a year."

"If the firm has hard luck ——" said Heinzman.

"Exactly," finished Newmark.

"Vy do you come to me?" demanded Heinzman at length.

"Well, I'm offering you a chance to get even with Orde. I don't imagine you love him?"

"Vat's de matter mit my gettin' efen with you, too?" cried Heinzman. "Ain't you beat me out at Lansing?"

Newmark smiled coldly under his clipped mustache.

"I'm offering you the chance of making anywhere from thirty to fifty thousand dollars."

"Perhaps. And suppose this liddle scheme don't work out?"

"And," pursued Newmark calmly, "I'll carry you over in your present obligations." He suddenly hit the arm of his chair with his clenched fist. "Heinzman, if you don't make those July payments what's to become of you? Where's your timber and your mills and your new house—and that pretty daughter of yours?"

Heinzman winced visibly.

"I vill get an extension of time," said he feebly.

"Will you?" countered Newmark.

The two men looked each other in the eye for a moment.

"Vell, maybe," laughed Heinzman uneasily. "It looks to me like a winner."

"All right, then," said Newmark briskly. "I'll make out a mortgage at ten per cent. for you; and you'll lend the money on it. At the proper time, if things happen that way, you will foreclose. That's all you have to do with it. Then, when the timber land comes to you under the foreclose, you will reconvey an undivided nine-tenths interest—for a proper consideration, of course, and without recording the deed."

Heinzman laughed with assumed lightness.

"Suppose I fool you?" said he. "I guess I joost keep it for mineself."

Newmark looked at him coldly.

"I wouldn't," he advised. "You may remember the member from Lapeer County in that charter fight? And the five hundred dollars for his vote? Try it on; and see how much evidence I can bring up. It's called bribery in this State, and means penitentiary, usually."

"You don't take a joke," complained Heinzman.

Newmark arose.

"It's understood, then?" he asked.

"How so I know you play fair?" asked the German.

"You don't. It's a case where we have to depend more or less on each other. But I don't see what you stand to lose; and, anyway, you'll get carried over those July payments," Newmark reminded him.

Heinzman was plainly uneasy and slightly afraid of these new waters in which he swam.

"If you reduce the firm's profits, he iss going to suspect," he admonished.

"Who said anything about reducing the firm's profits?" said Newmark impatiently. "If it does we'll win a big thing; if it does not we'll lose nothing."

He nodded to Heinzman and at once left the office. His demeanor was as dry and precise as ever. No expression illuminated his impassive countenance. If he felt the slightest uneasiness over having practically delivered his intentions to the keeping of another, he did not show it. For one thing, one accomplice was absolutely essential. And, too, he held the German by his strongest passions—his avarice, his dread of bankruptcy, his pride, and his fear of the penitentiary. As he entered the office of his own firm his eye fell on Orde's bulky form seated at the desk. He paused involuntarily, and a slight shiver shook his frame from head to foot—the dainty, instinctive repulsion of a cat for a large, robustious dog. Instantly controlling himself, he stepped forward.

"I've made the loan," he announced.

Orde looked up with interest.

"The banks wouldn't touch Northern Peninsula," said Newmark steadily, "so I had to go to private individuals."

"So you said. Don't care who deals it out," laughed Orde.

"Thayer backed out, so finally I got the whole amount from Heinzman," Newmark announced.

"Didn't know the old Dutchman was that well off," said Orde after a slight pause.

"Can't tell about those secretive old fellows," said Newmark.

Orde hesitated.

"I didn't know he was friendly enough to lend us money."

"Business is business," replied Newmark.

CHAPTER XII

THERE exists the legend of an Eastern despot who, wishing to rid himself of a courtier, armed the man, and shut him in a dark room. The victim knew he was to fight something, but whence it was to come, when or of what nature, he was unable to guess. In the event, while groping tense for an enemy, he fell under the fatal fumes of noxious gases.

From the moment Orde completed the secret purchase of the California timber lands from Trace he became an unwitting participant in one of the strangest duels known to business history. Newmark opposed to him all the subtleties, all the ruses and expedients to which his position lent itself. Orde, sublimely unconscious, deployed the magnificent resources of strength, energy, organization and combative spirit that animated his pioneer's soul. The occult manœuvrings of Newmark called out fresh exertions on the part of Orde.

Newmark worked under this disadvantage: he had carefully to avoid the slightest appearance of an attitude inimical to the firm's very best prosperity. A breath of suspicion would destroy his plans. If the smallest untoward incident should ever bring it clearly before Orde that Newmark might have an interest in reducing profits, he could not fail to tread out the logic of the latter's devious ways. For this reason Newmark could not as yet fight even in the twilight. He did not dare make bad sales, awkward transactions. In spite of his best efforts he could not succeed, without the aid of chance, in striking a blow from which Orde could not recover. The profits of the first year were not quite up to the usual standard, but they sufficed. Newmark's finesse cut in two the firm's income of the second year. Orde roused himself.

With his old-time energy of resource, he hurried the woods work until an especially big cut gave promise of recouping the losses of the year before. Newmark found himself struggling against a force greater than he had imagined it to be. Blinded and bound, it nevertheless made head against his policy. Newmark was forced to a temporary quiescence. He held himself watchful, intent, awaiting the opportunity which chance should bring.

Chance seemed by no means in haste. The end of the fourth year found Newmark puzzled. Orde had paid regularly the interest on his notes. How much he had been able to save toward the redemption of the notes themselves his partner was unable to decide. It depended entirely on how much the Ordes had disbursed in living expenses, whether or not Orde had any private debts, and whether or not he had private resources. In the mean time Newmark contented himself with tying up the firm's resources in such a manner as to render it impossible to raise money on its property when the time should come.

What Orde regarded as a series of petty annoyances had made the problem of paying for the California timber a matter of greater difficulty than he had supposed it would be. A pressure, whose points of support he could not place, was closing slowly on him. Against this pressure he exerted himself. It made him a trifle uneasy; but it did not worry him. The margin of safety was not as broad as he had reckoned; but it existed. And in any case, if worse came to worse, he could always mortgage the California timber for enough to make up the difference—and more. Against this expedient, however, he opposed a sentimental obstinacy. It was Bobby's; and he objected to encumbering it.

Affairs stood thus in the autumn before the year the notes would come due. The weather had been beautiful. A perpetual summer seemed to have embalmed the world in its forgetfulness of times and seasons. Navigation remained open all through October and into November. No severe storms had as yet swept the lakes. The barge and her two tows had made one more trip than had been thought possible. It had been the intention to lay them up for the winter, but the weather continued so mild that Orde suggested they be laden with a consignment for Jones & Mabley, of Chicago.

"Did intend to ship by rail," said he. "They're all 'uppers,' so it would pay all right. But we can save all kinds of money by water; and they ought to skip over there in twelve to fifteen hours."

Accordingly the three vessels were laid alongside the wharves at the mill, and as fast as possible the selected lumber was passed into their holds. Orde departed for the woods to start the cutting as soon as the first belated snow should fall. When he returned it was to learn of the loss of the North Star and two schooners, in a storm on the lake. What he did not learn was that Newmark's treacherous hand had urged on their affairs to this disaster.

Orde mounted the office stairs next day with a very heavy, heavy step. The loss of the North Star and of the two schooners meant a great deal to him at that time.

"It kicks us into somewhat of a hole," he grumbled to Newmark.

"A loss is never pleasant," replied the latter, "and it puts us out of the carrying business for a while. But we're insured."

"I can't understand why Floyd started," said Orde. "He ought to know better than to face sure prospects of a fall blow. I'll tan his soul for that, all right!"

"I'm afraid I'm partly responsible for his going," put in Newmark.

"You!" cried Orde.

"Yes. You see, that Jones & Mabley shipment was important enough to strain a point for—and it's only twenty-four hours or so—and it certainly didn't look to me as if it were going to blow very soon. Poor Floyd feels bad enough. He's about sick."

Orde for the first time began to appreciate the pressure of his circumstances. The loss on the cargo of "uppers" reached about 8,000,000 feet, which represented $20,000 in money. As for the North Star and her consorts, save for the insurance, they were simply eliminated. They had represented property. Now they were gone. The loss of $60,000 or so on them, however, did not mean a diminution of the company's present cash resources to that amount, and so did not immediately affect Orde's calculations as to the payment of the notes, which were now soon to come due.

At this time the woods work increasingly demanded his attention. He disappeared for a week, his organizing abilities claimed for the distribution of the road crews. When he returned to the office Newmark, with an air of small triumph, showed him contracts for the construction of three new vessels.

"I get them for $55,000," said he. "With $30,000 of it on long time."

"Without consulting me!" cried Orde.

Newmark explained carefully that the action, seemingly so abrupt, had really been taking advantage of a lucky opportunity.

"Otherwise," he finished, "we shouldn't have been able to get the job done for

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another year, at least. If that big Cronin contract goes through—well, you know what that would mean in the shipyards—nobody would get even a look in. And McLeod is willing, in the mean time, to give us a price to keep his men busy. So you see I had to close at once. You can see what a short chance it was."

"It's a good chance, all right," admitted Orde; "but—why—that is, I thought perhaps we'd job our own freighting for a while—it never occurred to me we'd build any more vessels until we'd recovered a little ——"

"'Recovered,'" Newmark echoed coldly. "I don't see what 'recovered' has to do with it. If the mill burned down we'd rebuild, wouldn't we? Even if we were embarrassed -which we're not—we'd hardly care to acknowledge publicly that we couldn't keep up our equipment. And as we're making twelve or fifteen thousand a year out of our freighting, it seems to me too good a business to let slip into other hands."

"I suppose so," agreed Orde, a trifle helplessly.

"Therefore I had to act without you," Newmark finished. "I knew you'd agree. That's right, isn't it?" he insisted.

"Yes, that's right," agreed Orde somewhat drearily.

"You'll find copies of the contract on your desk," Newmark closed the matter. "And there's the tax lists. I wish you'd run them over."

"Joe," replied Orde, "I—I don't think I'll stay downtown this morning. I ——"

Newmark glanced up keenly.

"You don't look a bit well," said he—"kind of pale around the gills. Bilious. Don't believe that camp grub quite agrees with you for a steady diet."

"Yes, that must be it," assented Orde.

He closed his desk and went out. Newmark turned back to his papers. His face was expressionless. From an inner pocket he produced a cigar which he thrust between his teeth. The corners of his mouth slowly curved in a grim smile.

Orde immediately set into motion the machinery of banking to borrow on the California timber. Taylor took charge of this, as the only man in Monrovia who had Orde's confidence. At the end of a necessary delay Orde received notice that the West had been heard from. He stepped across the hall to the lawyer's office.

"Well, Frank," said he. "Glad we managed to push it through with so little trouble."

Taylor arose, shut carefully the door into his outer office, walked to the window, looked contemplatively out upon the hotel back yard, and returned to his desk.

"But there is trouble," said he curtly.

"What's the matter?" asked Orde.

"The banks refuse the loan."

Orde stared at him in blank astonishment.

"Refuse!" he echoed.

"Absolutely."

"What grounds can they possibly have for that?"

"I can't make out exactly from these advices. It's something about the title."

"But I thought you went over the title."

"I did," stated Taylor emphatically, "and I'll stake my reputation as a lawyer that everything is straight and clear from the Land Office itself. I've wired for an explanation, and we ought surely to know something definite by to-morrow."

With this uncertainty Orde was forced to be content. For the first time in his business career a real anxiety gnawed at his vitals. He had been in many tight places, but somehow, heretofore, success or failure had seemed to him about immaterial, like points gained or conceded in the game—a fresh start was always so easy, and what had been already won as yet unreal. Now the game itself was at issue. Property, reputation and the family's future were at stake.

The message came the following day, as Taylor had predicted. Taylor handed it to him without comment.

"'Land Office under investigation,'" Orde read. "'Fraudulent entries suspected All titles clouded until decision is reached.'"

"What do you suppose that means?" asked Orde, although he knew well enough.

Taylor glanced up at his dull eyes with commiseration.

"They simply won't lend good money on an uncertainty," said he.

"Frank," said Orde, rousing himself with an effort, "I've got to be here. I couldn't get away this winter if my life depended on it. And I won't even have time to pay much attention to it from here. I want you to go to California and look after those interests for me. Never mind your practice, man," as Taylor tried to interrupt him. "Make what arrangements you please, but go. It'll be like a sort of vacation to you. You need one. And I'll make it worth your while. Take your wife with you. She'll like California. Now don't say no. It's important. Straighten it out as quick as you possibly can, and the minute it *is* straight borrow that money on it, and send it on p. d. q."

Taylor thoughtfully tapped his palm with the edge of his eyeglasses.

"All right," he said at last.

"Good!" cried Orde, rising and holding out his hand.

He descended the dark stairs to the street, where he turned down toward the river. There he sat on a pile for nearly an hour, quite oblivious to the keen wind of latter November, which swept up over the scum ice from the lake. At length he hopped down and made his way to the office of the Welton Lumber Company.

"Look here, Welton," he demanded abruptly when he had reached that operator's private office. "How much of a cut are you going to make this year?"

"About twenty million," replied Welton. "Why?"

"Just figuring on the drive," said Orde, nodding a farewell.

He had the team harnessed, and, assuming his buffalo-fur coat, drove to the offices of all the men owning timber up and down the river. When he had collected his statistics he returned to his desk, where he filled the backs of several envelopes with his characteristically minute figures. At the close of his calculations he nodded his head vigorously several times.

"Joe," he called across to his partner, "I'm going to cut that whole forty million we have left."

Newmark did not turn. After a moment of silence his dry, expressionless voice came back.

"I thought that we figured that as a two-years' job."

"We did, but I'm going to clean up the whole thing this year."

"Do you think you can do it?"

"Sure thing," replied Orde. Then under his breath, and quite to himself, he added, "I've got to!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Editor's Note—This story will be complete in five parts.

IN THE OPEN

Better American Motor Cars

THE American automobile manufacturer is building well. This winter season's shows proved that he has learned the lesson the foreign cars first spread before him—to wit, that the engine must stand the test—and he has been putting better quality into his product. The result works well for both the manufacturer and the buyer; the latter gets more for his money than he did, say three years ago, and the former sells more machines. No small factor in the increased sale of the dealer is because the manufacturer competes more successfully with the foreign make than he did formerly: but it all comes back to the same cause in the final analysis—that is, increased quality.

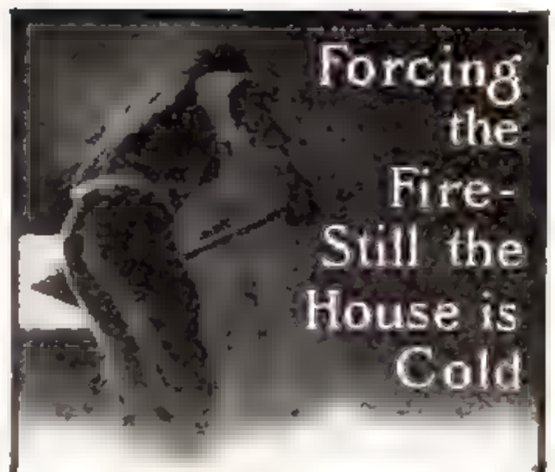
Now, the American is quick to learn, but he wants to work it out on a practicable basis, and thus into automobile manufacturing has come the influence of the endurance run. Sometimes I hear automobilists speak slightingly of these events, but I question if there is any one direction of motor-car usage which has exerted a deeper influence upon the manufacturers than these contests under any and all conditions. Nor have the results of any automobile contests reflected so certainly, as well as so gratifyingly, the improving trend of American manufacturers in the direction where it means most to the buyer and user.

The long-distance, continuous-running, sealed-bonnet contests undoubtedly are the most illuminating in their lessons for the mechanician, but they are almost beyond the ken of the common or garden owner; so, for the latter reason, I have been much interested in two endurance runs of comparatively recent date, because not only are they instructive as to quality of the machine, but also they are so simple as to be of ready comprehension to the average owner who does not always, perhaps not very often, know as much concerning his motor as he should. One of these runs to which I refer was in New Jersey, and the conditions provided that "each machine should make five rounds of a ninety-four-mile circuit in just twenty-four hours, without any adjustments and without stopping the engine except in controls." There was no running schedule, and only three minutes' leeway was permitted at the finish.

As touring conditions go, the course was an excellent one, there being only one muddy stretch of no great length, and but three of what might be called bad turns. Twenty-one cars started (at two o'clock in the afternoon), and a few of them completed the first round in a little less than three hours, although the majority took an hour longer. On the fifth and final round there were still in the race fifteen cars, of which seven had perfect scores; and so the contest ended—all the fifteen finishing.

In reviewing this test it develops that one-third of the original entry finished with perfect scores, one-third dropped out, and the remaining third finished on time, but with penalties. The contest, it seems to me, was particularly interesting to the average owner, because it more nearly represented the conditions under which he is most often found—namely, those of a ten to fifteen hour run (not often does the average owner sit at the wheel twenty-four hours) over average roads at top pace or thereabouts. Nearly all the better-known makes were in this run, and, for that reason, it is additionally pleasing to record that the larger share of the accidents which caused one-third to abandon the event was to be laid at the door of the driver, rather than to the weakness of the machine, while the penalties were rather absurdly trivial, and, in actual touring, would cut no figure at all. Thus, one had a leaky radiator, another a leaky gasoline petcock, another was driven into a tree and disabled, another had trouble with the water pump, another, extraordinarily enough, ran out of gasoline. None because of broken engine or defective ignition; and the majority solely almost because of slovenly upkeep.

The other endurance test to which I have referred was equally instructive and with a direct lesson for tourists. This one was in the West, and comprised three runs of about two hundred miles each to be made from Chicago to cities one hundred miles distant. The entries were divided into "three classes, according to a cost classification, and were required to make twenty, seventeen and fourteen miles an hour, respectively"—conditions representing those under which the average man tours. On the completion of the contest the cars were inspected by a committee of technical men, who took account of any breakages or weakness or missing accessories, and declared only one out of the thirty-five starters to have a perfect score, although twenty-nine finished on time. This sounds worse than it really was, because practically all the penalties were for very small matters which would scarcely be taken into account by the average motorist. For instance, the second car lost a clean record because it had a loose boot on the driving shaft; another was penalized four points for a damaged lamp; another, two points for a loose speedometer; others for loose apron, lost fan-belt, loose grease-cup, loose fender, loose running-board, emergency brake not properly adjusted. The fact that only one car finished with a perfect score should be read by the light of these penalties, which I have given in some detail, because they indicate what a very high standard of excellence the endurance test committees are exacting. Certainly that is a good sign and it should have peculiar interest for the prospective buyer, who is unwittingly reaping the benefit of the searching scrutiny bestowed upon all machines which compete in these road-endurance trials. —"FAIR-PLAY."



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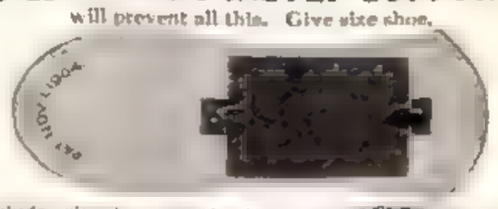

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A CORNER IN FARMERS

(Continued from Page 9)

deals that Wallingford had made, each one showing a profit of five thousand dollars on a ten-thousand-dollar investment. The secret facts of the case were that fortune had favored Wallingford tremendously. By one of those strange runs of luck which sometimes break the monotony of persistent gambling disasters, he had won not less than five out of every six of the continuous deals intrusted to Fox & Fleecer. The failures he kept to himself, and Ham Tinkle added to the furore that the proofs of his success created by rising in his place and advising them how, upon Wallingford's certain and sure advance information of the market, he himself had been able to turn his modest little two hundred dollars into seven hundred during the past three months, with the profits still piling up.

But J. Rufus Wallingford, resuming, saw such profits vanishing in the future, for by the aid of the Farmers' Commercial Association he intended to wipe out the iniquitous grain and produce exchange, and, in fact, all gambling in food products throughout the United States. The scope of the Farmers' Commercial Association was much broader, much more far-reaching than even he had imagined when he at first conceived it. When they were ready they would not only establish a firm cash basis for wheat, but they would wipe this festering mass of corruption, called the Board of Trade, off the face of the earth by the simple process of taking all its money away from it. With their certain knowledge of what the price of wheat would be, when the time was ripe they would go into the market and, themselves, by their aggregate profits, would break every man who was in the business of manipulating prices on wheat, on oats and corn and livestock. Why, nearly one million names were now enrolled in the membership of the association, and to these million names circulars explaining in detail the plans of the organization had been mailed at a cost of ten thousand dollars for postage alone. This expense he had cheerfully borne himself, in his devotion to the great work of reformation. Not one penny had been paid by any other member of the organization for the furtherance of this project. He had spent nearly twenty thousand dollars in travel and other expenses, but the market had paid for it, and he was not one penny the loser by his endeavors.

Even if he were, that would not stop him. He would sell every Government bond and every share of industrial and railroad stock that he owned, he would even mortgage his farm, if necessary, to complete this organization and make it the powerful and impregnable factor in agricultural commerce that he had intended it to be. It was his dream, his ambition, nay, his determined purpose, to leave behind him this vast organization as an evidence that his life had not been spent in vain; and if he could only see the wheat gamblers put out of that nefarious business, and the farmers of the United States coming, after all these toiling generations, into their just and honest dues, he would die with peace in his heart and a smile upon his lips, even though he went to a pauper's grave.

There were actual tears in his eyes as he closed with these words, and his voice quivered. From the foot of the table Blackie Daw was watching with a curious smile that was almost a sardonic grin. From the head of the parallel table Mrs. Wallingford was watching him with a pallor that deepened as he went on, but no one noticed these significant indications, and as J. Rufus Wallingford sat down a mighty cheer went up that made every branch of the glittering Christmas tree dance and quiver.

He was a wonderful man, this Wallingford, a genius, a martyr, a being made in his entirety of the milk of human kindness and brotherly love; but this rapidly-growing organization that he had formed was more wonderful still. They could see as plain as print what it would do for them; they could see even plainer than print how, with the certain knowledge of the price to which wheat would eventually rise, they could safely dabble in fictitious wheat themselves, and could, by their enormous aggregate winnings, obliterate all boards of trade.

It was a conception Titanic in its immensity, perfect in its detail, amazing in its flawlessness, and not one among them who listened but went home that night—J. Rufus Wallingford's seal-leather pocketbook in his pocket, J. Rufus Wallingford's box of lace handkerchiefs on his wife's lap, J. Rufus Wallingford's daintily-dressed French doll in his little girl's arm, J. Rufus Wallingford's toy engine in his little boy's hands but foresaw, not as in a dream, but as in a concrete reality that needed only to be clutched, the future golden success of the Farmers' Commercial Association; and on the forehead of that success was emblazoned in letters of gold:

"$1.50 WHEAT"

VI

THE holidays barely over, Wallingford was upon the road again, and until the first of May he spent his time organizing new branches, keeping the endless-chain letters booming, and taking subscriptions for his new journal, the Commercial Farmer, a device by which he had solved the grave problem of postage. The Commercial Farmer was issued every two weeks. It was printed on four small pages of thin paper, and to make it second-class postal matter a real subscription price was charged—five cents a year! For this he paid postage of one cent a pound, and there were eighty copies to the pound. He could convey his semi-monthly message to one million people at a cost of one hundred and twenty-five dollars, as against the ten thousand dollars it would cost him to mail a million letters with a one-cent stamp upon them. And five cents a year was enough to pay expenses.

On the first of May the promoter, who seriously aspired now to become a financial star of the first magnitude, took a swift thousand-mile journey to the offices of Fox & Fleecer, where Mr. Fox, again polishing his glazed scalp, was still intent upon that bland but perplexing secret problem.

Mr. Wallingford, as a preliminary to conversation, drew his chair up to the opposite side of the desk and laid upon it a checkbook and a package of documents with a rubber band around them.

"Four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in cash and negotiable securities," he stated, "and all to buy September wheat."

Mr. Fox said nothing, but unconsciously his palm went to the top of his head.

"The September option is at this moment quoted at eighty-seven and one-eighth cents," went on Mr. Wallingford. "Could it possibly go lower than sixty-two?"

"It is the invariable rule of Fox & Fleecer," said Mr. Fox slowly, "never to give advice nor to predict any future performances of wheat. Wheat can go to any price, up or down. I may add, however, that it has been several years since the September option has touched the low level you name."

"Well, I'm going to bet this four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars that it don't go as low as sixty-two," retorted Wallingford stiffening. "I want you to take this wad and invest it in September wheat right off the bat, at the market, on a twenty-five cent margin, which covers one million, seven hundred thousand bushels."

Mr. Fox, his eyes hypnotically glued upon the little stack of securities which represented four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and a larger commission than his firm had ever in all its existence received in one deal, filled his lungs with a long, slow intake of air which he strove to make as noiseless as possible.

"You must understand, Mr. Wallingford," he finally observed, "that it will be impossible to buy an approximate two million bushels of the September option at this time without disturbing the market and running up the price on yourself, and it may take us a little time to get this trade launched.

Probably five hundred thousand bushels can be placed at near the market, and then we will have to wait until a favorable moment to place another section. Our Mr. Fleecer, however, is very skillful in such matters and will no doubt get a good price for you."

"I understand about that," said Wallingford, "and I understand about the other end of it, too. I want to turn this four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars into a clean million or I don't want a cent. September wheat will go to one dollar and a quarter."

Mr. Fox reserved his smile until Mr. Wallingford should be gone. At present he only polished his pate.

"That's when you would probably fall down," continued Mr. Wallingford; "when September wheat reaches a dollar and a quarter. If you try to throw this seventeen hundred thousand bushels on the market you will break the price, unless on the same day that you sell it you can buy the same amount for somebody else. Will that let you get the price without dropping it off ten or fifteen cents?"

"Fox & Fleecer never predict," said Mr. Fox slowly, "but in a general way I should say that if we were to buy in as much as we sold, the market would probably be strengthened rather than depressed."

"All right," said Wallingford. "Now I have another little matter to present to you."

From his pocket he drew a copy of the Commercial Farmer, the pages scarcely larger than a sheet of business letter paper. "I want an advertisement from you for the back page of this. Just a mere card, with your name and address and the fact that you have been in business at the same location for thirty years; and at the bottom I want to put: 'We handle all the wheat transactions of J. Rufus Wallingford.'"

Of course, in a matter so trifling, Mr. Fox could not refuse so good a customer.

VII

ACROSS a thousand miles of fertile land the spring rains fell and the life-giving sun shone down; from the warm earth sprang up green blades and tall shoots that through their hollow stems sucked the life of the soil; and by a transformation more wonderful than ever conceived by any magician, upon the stalks there swelled heads of grain that nodded and yellowed and ripened with the advancing summer. From the windows of Pullman cars, as he rode hither and yonder throughout this fertile territory, in the utmost luxury that travelers may have, J. Rufus Wallingford, the great liberator of the farmers, watched all this magic of the Almighty with but the one thought of what it might mean to him.

Back on the Wallingford farm Blackie Daw and his staff of assistants, now half a dozen girls, kept up an ever-increasing correspondence. Ham Tinkle was jealous of the very night that hid his handiwork for a space out of each twenty-four hours, and begrudged the time that he spent in sleep. During every waking moment, almost, he was abroad in his fields, and led his neighbors, when he could, to see his triumph; for never had the old Spicer farm brought forth such a yield, and nowhere in Truscot County or in Mapes County could such fertile fields be shown. Upon these broad acres the wheat was thicker and sturdier, the heads longer and larger and fuller of fine, fat grain than anywhere in all the region round.

The Farmers' Commercial Association, a "combination in restraint of trade" which was well protected by the fear-inspiring farmer vote, met monthly, and Wallingford ran in to the meetings as often as he could, though there was no need to sustain their enthusiasm; for not only was the plan one of such tremendous scope as to compel admiration, but Nature and circumstances both were kind. There came the usual early rumors of a drought in Kansas, of overmuch rotting rain in the Dakotas, of the green bug in Oklahoma, of foreign wars and domestic disturbances, and these things were good for the price of wheat, as they were exaggerated upon the floor of the great boards of trade in Chicago and New York.

Through these causes alone September wheat climbed from eighty-seven to ninety, to ninety-five, to a dollar, to a dollar-five; but in the latter part of July there came a new and an unexpected factor. Dollar-and-a-half wheat had been the continuous slogan of the Farmers' Commercial Association, and every issue of the Commercial Farmer had dwelt upon the glorious day when that should be made the standard price. Now, in the mid-July

THE three most notable advances in corset making in recent years are these: The invention of Rust-Proof by us in 1894—no improvement in corset boning has been made since that time; the introduction of hose supporter corsets by us in 1902, which revolutionized the corset art; and now in 1908 the standardizing of the construction of our 61 styles, so that every corset bearing the name of Warner's, whether selling at $1.00 or $5.00, shall be equal in wear and unbreakableness.

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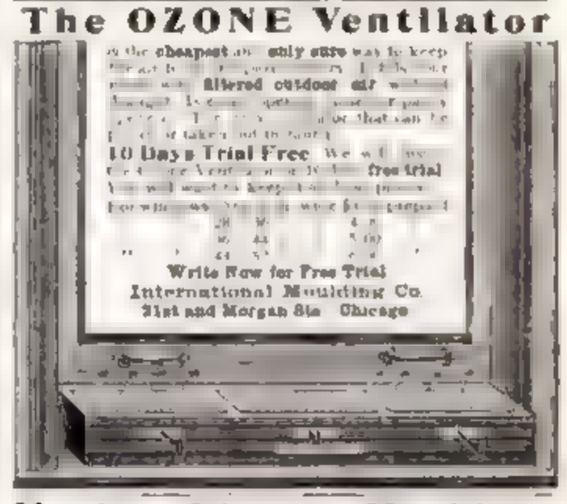
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ROYAL POULTRY FARM, DEPT 946, DES MOINES, IA.

issue, the idea was driven home and the entire third page was given up to a great, flaming advertisement:

HOLD YOUR WHEAT!

SEPTEMBER WHEAT WILL GO TO

$1.50

DON'T SELL A BUSHEL OF IT FOR LESS!

The result was widespread and instantaneous. In Oklahoma a small farmer drove up to the elevator and asked:

"What's wheat worth to-day?"

"A dollar-two," was the answer.

"This is all you get from me at that price," said the farmer, "and you wouldn't get this if I didn't need fifty dollars to-day. Take it in."

"Think wheat's going higher?" asked the buyer.

"Higher! It's going to a dollar and a half," said the farmer. "I've got twelve hundred bushels at home, and nobody gets it for a cent less than eighteen hundred dollars."

"You'd better see a doctor before you drive back," advised the elevator man, laughing.

Over in Kansas at one of the big collecting centres the telephone bell rang.

"What's cash wheat worth to-day?"

"Dollar-four."

"A dollar-four! I'll hold mine a while."

"Better take this price while you can get it," advised the grain shipper. "Big crop this year."

"A dollar and a half's the price," responded the farmer on the other end of the wire.

"Who is this?" asked the shipper.

"J. W. Harkness."

The man rubbed his chin. Harkness owned five hundred acres of the best wheat land in Kansas.

In South Dakota, on the same day, two farmers who had brought in their wheat drove home with it, refusing, with scorn, the price offered. In Pennsylvania not one-tenth of the grain was delivered as on the same date a year before, and the crop was much larger. In Ohio, in Indiana, in Illinois, in Iowa, in Nebraska, all through the great wheat belt began these significant incidents, and to brokers in Chicago and in New York were wired startling reports from a hundred centres; farmers were delivering no wheat and were holding out for a dollar and a half!

"You can scare the entire Board of Trade black in the face with a Hallowe'en pumpkin," Wallingford had declared to Blackie Daw. "Say 'Boo!' and they drop dead. Step on a parlor match and every trader jumps straight up into the gallery. Four snowflakes make a blizzard, and a frost on State Street kills all the crops in Texas."

Results seemed to justify his summing up. On that day wheat jumped ten cents within the last hour before closing, and ten thousand small speculators who had been bearing the market since they could see no good reason for the already high price, were wiped out before they had a chance to protect their margins.

On the following day a special edition of the Commercial Farmer was issued. It exulted, it gloated, it fairly shrieked over the triumph that had already been accomplished by the Farmers' Commercial Association. The first minute that it had shown its teeth it had made for the farmers of the United States ten cents a bushel on four hundred million bushels of wheat! It had made for them in one hour forty million dollars net profit, and this was but the beginning. The farmers themselves, by standing together, had already raised the price of wheat to a dollar-fifteen, and dollar-and-a-half wheat was but a matter of a few days. On the boards of trade it would go even higher. There would be no stopping it. It would soar to a dollar and a half, to a dollar-seventy-five, to two dollars!

Speculation was a thing ordinarily to be discouraged, yet under these circumstances the farmers themselves should reap the wealth that was now ripe. They should take out of "Wall Street" and La Salle Street their share of the money that these iniquitous centres of financial jugglery had taken from the agricultural interests of the country for these many years. They themselves knew now, by the events of one day, that the Farmers' Commercial Association was strong enough to accomplish what it had meant to accomplish, and now was the time to get into the market. It should be not only the pleasure and profit of every farmer, but also the duty of every farmer, to hit the gamblers a fatal blow by investing every loose dollar, on safe and conservative margins, in this certain advance of wheat. On the last page of this issue of the Commercial Farmer appeared for the first time the advertisement of Fox & Fleecer, and copies went to a million wheat growers.

The response was many-phased. Farmers who were convinced of this logic and those who were not rushed their wheat to market at the then prevailing price, not waiting for the dollar and a half, but turning their produce into cash at once. To offset this sudden release of grain, buying orders poured into the market, the same cash that had been received from the sale of actual wheat being put into margins upon fictitious wheat. Prices fluctuated in leaps of five and ten cents, and the pit went crazy. It was a seething, howling mob, tossing frenzied trades back and forth until faces were red and voices were hoarse; and the firm of Fox & Fleecer, long noted for its conservative dealing and almost passed by in the course of events, suddenly became the most important factor on the floor.

On the ticker that on the first of May he had installed in his now mortgaged house upon his mortgaged farm, Wallingford saw the price mount up to a dollar and a quarter, drop to a dollar-eighteen, jump to a dollar-twenty-two, back to twenty, up to twenty-five, back to twenty-two, up to twenty-eight. This last quotation he came back into the room to see after he had on his hat and ulster, and while his automobile, carrying Blackie Daw and Mrs. Wallingford, was spluttering and quivering at the door. Then he started for Chicago.

VIII

HIRAM HINES met Len Miller in the road. Both were beaming.

"What's the latest about wheat?" asked Len.

"A dollar twenty-eight and seven-eighths," replied Hiram; "at least it was about an hour ago when I telephoned to Judge Wallingford's house. Suppose it's climbing for a dollar-thirty by now. How much you got, Len?"

"Twenty thousand bushels," answered Len jubilantly. "Bought it at a dollar twenty-four on a five-cent margin and got that much profits already, nearly. Raised a thousand dollars on my sixty acres and have made nearly a thousand on it in two weeks; and with Judge Wallingford's own brokers, too."

"So's mine," exulted Hiram. "Paid a dollar-twenty-six, but I'm satisfied. When it reaches a dollar-forty I'll quit."

Ezekiel Tinkle walked six miles to see his son Ham at the Wallingford place.

"Jonas Whetmore's bragging about two thousand dollars he's made in a few days in this wheat business," he stated. "I don't rightly understand it, Hamlet. How about it? I don't believe in speculating, but Jonas says this ain't, and if there's such a lot of money to be made I want some."

"We all do," laughed Ham Tinkle, who, since he had "made good" with his new-fangled farming, was accepted as an equal by his father. "I had two hundred when I started. It's a thousand now, and will be five thousand before I quit. Bring your money to me, father, and I'll show you how to get in on the profits. But hurry. How much can you spare?"

"Well," figured Ezekiel, "there's fifteen hundred I've saved up for Bobbie's schooling; then, when I sell my wheat——"

"Don't do that!" interposed his son quickly. "Wheat is going up so rapidly because the growers are holding it for a dollar and a half. Every man who sells his now weakens the price that much."

"Is *that* the way of it!" exclaimed the old man, enlightened at last, and he kicked reflectively at a piece of turf. "To make money out of this all the farmers must hold their wheat for a dollar and a half! Say, Hamlet, Charlie Granice sold his wheat at a dollar-six to go into this thing. Adam Spooner and Burt Powers and Charlie Dorsett all sold theirs, and they're all members of this association. Ham, I'm going right home to sell my wheat."

"I won't send that money away for you," protested Ham firmly.

"Send it away!" retorted the old man. "Not by a danged sight you won't! I'll sell my wheat right now while it's high, and put my money in the bank along with the fifteen hundred I've got there; and you go ahead and be your own fool. I know advice from your old daddy won't stop you."

Not many, however, were like old man Tinkle, and J. Rufus Wallingford, as he sped toward Chicago, was more self-congratulatory than he had ever been in all his life. A curious change had come over him. He was taking himself seriously at last. A million dollars! A real million! Why, dignity could now attach to the same sort of dealing that had made him forever avoid the cities where he had "done business." Heretofore his operations had been on such a small scale that they could be called "common grafting," but now, with a larger scope, they would be termed "shrewd financiering." It was entirely a matter of proportion. A million! Well, he deserved a million, and the other millions that would follow. Didn't he look the part? Didn't he act it? Didn't he live it?

"Me for the big game!" he exulted. "Watch me take my little old cast-iron dollars into Wall Street and keep six corporations rotating in the air at one and the same time. Who's the real Napoleon of Finance? Me; Judge Wallingford, Esquire!"

"Pull the safety-rope and let out a little gas, J. Rufus," advised Blackie Daw dryly. "Your balloon will rip a seam. The boys on Wall Street were born with their eye-teeth cut, and eat Marks like you before breakfast for appetizers."

J. Rufus only laughed.

"They'd be going some," he claimed. "Any Wise Willie who can make a million farmers jump in to help him up into the class of purely legitimate theft, like railroad mergers and industrial holding companies, ought to be able to stay there. The manipulator that swallows me will have a horrible stomach-ache."

Mrs. Wallingford had listened with a puzzled expression.

"But I don't understand it, Jim," she said. "I can see why you got the farmers together to raise the price of wheat. It does them good as well as you. But why have you worked so hard to make them speculate?"

J. Rufus looked at her with an amused expression.

"My dear infant," he observed, "when Fox & Fleecer got ready to sell my near-two-million bushels of wheat this morning somebody had to be ready to buy them. I provided the buyers. That's all."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Wallingford, and pondered the matter slowly. "I see. But, Jim! Mr. Hines, Mr. Evans, Mr. Whetmore, Mr. Granice, and the others—to whom do they sell after they have bought your wheat?"

"The sheriff," interposed Blackie with a grin.

"Not necessarily so." Wallingford hastened to contradict him in answer to the troubled frown upon his wife's brow. "My deal don't disturb the market, and I expect wheat to go on up to at least a dollar and a half. If these farmers get out on the way up they make money. But the boobs who buy from them——"

"Ain't it funny?" inquired Blackie plaintively. "There's always a herd of 'em just crazy eager to grab the hot end."

A boy came on the train with evening papers containing the closing market quotations. Wheat had touched thirty-four, but a quick break had come at the close, back to twenty-six! Another column told why. Every cent of advance made in the actual grain had brought out cash wheat in floods.

Members of the great Farmers' Commercial Association had hurried their holdings to market, trusting to the great body of the loosely-bound organization to keep up the price—and the great body of the organization was doing precisely the same thing. At bottom they had, in fact, small faith in it, and the Board of Trade, sensitive as a barometer, was quick to feel this psychological change in the situation. Wallingford said nothing of this to his wife. He had begun to fear her. Always she had set herself against actual dishonesty, and more so than ever, of late, as he had begun to pride himself upon being a great financier. In the smoking compartment, however, he handed the paper to Blackie Daw, with his thumb upon the quotations.

"There's the answer," he said. "The Rubes have cut their own throats, as I figured they would, and you'll see wheat tumble to lower than it was when this raise began. Hines and Evans and Granice and the rest of them will hold the bag on this deal, and they needn't blame it to me. They can only blame it to the fact that

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farmers won't stick. I'm lucky that they hung together long enough to reach my price of a dollar and a quarter."

"How do you know you got out?" asked Blackie, passing over as a matter of no moment whatever the fact that all their neighbors of Truscot and Mapes counties, who had followed "Judge" Wallingford's lead and urging in the matter of speculation, would lose their all, as would hundreds if not thousands of other "members" who had been led through the deftly-worded columns of the Commercial Farmer to gamble in their own grain.

"Easy," said J. Rufus. "The quotations themselves tell it. Fox & Fleecer had instructions to unload at a dollar twenty-five, and they follow such instructions absolutely. They began unloading at that price, buying in at the same time for my farmers, and, in spite of the fact that they were pitching nearly two million bushels of wheat on the market after it hit the twenty-five mark, it went on up to thirty-four before it broke, showing that the buying orders until that time were in excess of the selling orders. The farmers throughout the country simply ate up my two million bushels of wheat."

"Then it's their money you got, after all," observed Blackie.

"It's mine now," responded J. Rufus with a chuckle. "I saw it first."

They arrived in Chicago late and they arose late. At breakfast, with languid interest, Wallingford picked up the paper that lay beside his plate, and the first item that his eyes rested upon was a sensational article, headed: "BROKER SUICIDES." Even then he was scarcely interested until, glancing down the column, his eye caught the name of Edwin H. Fox.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife anxiously, as, with a startled exclamation, he hastily pushed back his chair and arose. It was the first time that she had ever in any emergency seen his florid face turn ghastly pale.

Dilemmas, reverses and even absolute defeats he had always accepted with a gambler's coolness, but now, since his vanity had led him to dignify his pursuit of other people's money by the name of financiering, the blow came with crushing force, since it maimed not only his pocketbook but his pride, as it swept away the glittering air-castles that he had been building for the past year.

"Matter!" he spluttered, half choking. "We are broke!" And leaving his breakfast untasted he hastily ordered a cab and drove to the office of Fox & Fleecer, devouring the details of the tragedy as he went.

The philanthropic Mr. Fox, he of the glistening bald pate and the air of cold probity, the man who had been for thirty years in business at the old stand, who seemed as firm as a rock and as unsusceptible as a quart of clams, had been leading not only a double but a sextuple life, for half-a-dozen pseudo-widows mourned his demise and the loss of a generous banker. To support all these expensive establishments, which, once established, firmly declined ever to go out of existence, Mr. Fox had been juggling with the money of his customers, robbing Peter to pay Paul, until the time had come when Paul could no longer be paid and there was only one debt left that he could by any possibility wipe out—the debt he owed to Nature. That he had paid with a forty-four-calibre bullet through the temple. At last he had solved that perplexing problem which had bothered him all these years.

Wallingford had expected to find the office of Fox & Fleecer closed, but the door stood wide open and the dingy apartment was filled with a crowd of men, all equally nervous, but violently contrasted as to complexion, some of them being extremely pale and some of them extremely flushed, according to their temperaments. Mr. Fleecer, one of the strangest of all anomalies, a nervous fat man, stood behind Mr. Fox's desk, his collar wilted with perspiration and the flabby pouches under his eyes black from his vigil of the night. He was almost as large as Wallingford himself, but a careless dresser, and a pitiable object as he started back on hearing Wallingford's name, tossing up his right hand with a curious involuntary motion as if to ward off a blow. His crisp, quick voice, however, did not fit at all with his appearance of crushed indecision.

"I might as well tell you the blunt truth at first, Mr. Wallingford," he said. "You haven't a cent, so far as Fox & Fleecer are concerned. Nobody has. I haven't a dollar in the world; and Fox was head-over-heels in debt, I find. How that sanctimonious old hypocrite ever got away with it all these years is the limit. I looked after the buying and selling orders as he gave them to me, and never had anything to do with the books. I never knew when a deal was in the office until I received market orders. I have spent all night on Fox's private accounts, however, and since yours was the largest item, naturally I went into it as deeply as I could. If they had telephones in Hell I could give you more accurate information, but the way I figure it is this: When he got hold of your four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars with instructions to buy and not to close until wheat hit a dollar and a quarter, he evidently classed your proposition as absurd. There was absolutely nothing to make wheat go to that price, and, with the big margin you had put up, he figured that the account would drag along at least until September, without being touched; so he used what he had to have of the money to cover up his other steals, expecting to juggle the market with the rest of it on his own judgment, and expecting, in the end, to have it back to hand to you when you got tired. When he understood this upward movement, however, and saw the big thing you had done, he jumped into the market with what was left, something less than three hundred thousand dollars. The only way to make that up to the amount you should have by the time it reached a dollar and a quarter was to pyramid it, and this he did. He bought on short margin, closed when he had a good profit, and spread the total amount over other short margin purchases. He did this three times. On the last deal he had upward of five million bushels bought to your account, and it was this strong buying, coupled with the other buying orders that came in at about the dollar-and-a-quarter mark, that sent the market up to a dollar-thirty-four.

"If the market could have held half an hour he would have gotten out all right and turned over to you a million dollars, after using two hundred and fifty thousand for his own purposes; but, when he attempted to unload, the market broke; and—we're all broke!"

Mr. Wallingford laughed, quite mechanically, and from his pocket drew two huge black cigars with gold bands around them.

"Have a smoke," he said, offering one to Mr. Fleecer.

Lighting his own Havana, he turned and elbowed his way out of the room. One of the men who had stood near him exchanged a wondering stare with his neighbor.

"That's the limit for gameness," he observed.

But he was mistaken. It was not gameness. Wallingford was merely dazed. He could find no words to express the bitter depth to which he had fallen. As he passed out through the ticker-room he glanced at the blackboard. The boy was just chalking up the latest morning quotation on September wheat—a dollar-sixteen.

In the cab he opened his pocketbook and counted the money in it. Before he started on this trip he had scarcely thought of money, except that at Fox & Fleecer's there would be waiting for him a cool, clean million. Instead of that he found himself with exactly fifty-four dollars.

Mrs. Wallingford was in her room, pale to the lips.

"How much money have you?" he asked her.

Without a word she handed him her purse. A few small bills were in it. She handed him another small black leather case which he took slowly. He opened it, and from the velvet depths there gleamed up at him the old standby—her diamonds. He could get a couple of thousand dollars on these at any time. He put the case in his pocket, but without any gleam of satisfaction, and he sat down heavily in one of the huge leather-padded chairs.

"Fannie," said he savagely, "never preach to me again! I have tried a straight-out legitimate deal, and it dumped me. Hereafter, be satisfied with whatever way I make money, just so long as I have the law on my side. Why," and his indignation over this last reflection was beyond expression, "I've coaxed a carload of money out of the farmers of this country, and I don't get away with a cent of it! A thief got it—*a thief and a grafter!*"

Mrs. Wallingford did not answer him. She was crying.

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THE COST OF LIVING

(Continued from Page 13)

Now, politically, the cupolas and the celery go together. There are sixty well-to-do widows in a single block. The substantial old fortunes and the little celery-farm proprietors have, generally speaking, constituted a highly conservative *bloc*. But they now look across at a new, different and rapidly-rising element, the symbols of which are factory chimneys and artisans' houses.

Every Man has His Own Rooftree

It is only half-way to Chicago. Local conditions have greatly modified the process by which a proletariat that would pass muster from the Socialistic standpoint is made. There are thirty-two labor unions, of which twenty-seven might be classed as in a fairly active state; there is a labor newspaper, and there have been strikes. But Mr. Hallett, editor of the Trades Union Advocate, judges that quite one-half of all the skilled workmen own their homes; while Mr. Hays, whose very name suggests to the citizens of Kalamazoo what that of John Howard Payne does to the world at large, thinks that of the skilled workmen who have been some little time in town and who are heads of families fully nine-tenths have bought homes. This opinion carries much weight locally, for they say it is only a question of time when Mr. Hays gets the other tenth.

To one from a great industrial centre these estimates seem surprisingly high. But in four years twenty-seven hundred dwellings have been built by contractors. Of a few the price was as low as a thousand dollars, and of some the price exceeded thirty-five hundred; but for the bulk the price ranged from twelve to twenty-five hundred dollars. Mostly they are sold, from two to five hundred dollars down and the balance on monthly payments averaging about twelve dollars for each thousand dollars of cost. The building and loan associations also have played a considerable part in this home buying. One pays in twenty-five cents a week on each one hundred and twenty-five-dollar share, and the stock pays out in about seven and a half years—this, by the experience of the oldest association, covering twenty-two years. If one owns a lot worth six hundred dollars he can borrow twelve hundred from the association to build a house. He takes ten shares, say, paying in, per share, twenty-five cents a week on the stock, fifteen cents interest and about one cent premium, and in seven to eight years the stock will extinguish the loan.

The Working-Man in Our Town

One does not doubt that home-owning is the rule after one looks over the western and southwestern parts of the city. What were pastures four or five years ago are now thickly dotted with dwellings, each one detached, with some margin of yard about it. They seem very well built, too, with substantial concrete block foundations, a porch and a generally pleasant aspect. Certainly, all this looks vastly different from the huddled and airless city blocks, with one squeezed house dismally like every other, which are inhabited by so many urban wage-earners. Nowhere in Kalamazoo is there that ragged, squalid, ugly district which in so many cities is a by-product of triumphant industrialism.

The last strike occurred a year ago. The street-car men demanded an increase in wages and recognition of the union. Most of the storekeepers expressed their sympathy by displaying in the front window a sign reading, "We Walk," and most of them did walk—when they thought a union spotter was watching.

"I hung up a 'We Walk' sign, same as nearly everybody else," one merchant explained. "I get a good deal of trade from those fellows, and, of course, I couldn't afford to antagonize them. But it was a blamed nuisance. I believe in labor unions, all right, when they are properly managed and mind their own business. The trouble is, if you recognize a union, some loafer may come along and get control of it and stir it up to interfere with you in the management of your business."

This seems to be the view that still prevails. The street-car strike was compromised. The men got an advance of about twenty-five per cent. in wages, but the union was not recognized. A majority of the printing establishments are open shops. The contractor hires union and non-union carpenters and painters and plumbers indiscriminately. In masonry the union has practically a monopoly; but the union mason works with non-union men in other lines. Kalamazoo is still, generally speaking, an open-shop town, and there is evidently a powerful inclination on the part of the business community to keep it so. Many little towns lying near by, like Paw Paw, each with its quota of unorganized mechanics, increase the difficulty of enforcing a closed shop.

Some abortive attempts have been made to rally the labor vote to a class-conscious unity; but astute persons to whom the old parties look for guidance opine that nothing is to be feared in that direction, and that the workman will continue to vote as a fellow-citizen. Although wage-earners constitute a quarter of the population no workman has been elected to a city office.

The condition regarding organization affects wages, because it is still common to pay an artisan according to his individual skill rather than according to the schedule fixed by his union. The tendency, however, is in the direction of standardization, as compared with ten years ago, when there was much less organization.

The Laborer Worthy of His Hire

At that time $1.75 was called the going rate for carpenters; but some—not the best mechanics—were paid only $1.25. Now the union scale is forty cents an hour. It is not strictly maintained; but good workmen get $3.25 to $3.50. Wages in that line have pretty nearly doubled. Masons, ten years ago, got $3 a day in the main; they now get regularly fifty-five cents an hour for an eight-hour day, so that the advance exceeds forty per cent. Ten years ago, taking it by and large, $1.75 was a very good wage in Kalamazoo. That is what the policemen were paid. In the vehicle trade—an important industry here—machine hands, painters and blacksmiths averaged $1.50 to $1.75 in 1897, while the skilled woodworker's average was close to $2.

Now common day labor gets about $1.60 a day. From such information as is available I conclude that day labor averaged about $1.15 a decade ago, the advance being about forty per cent. In a printing establishment, a simple average of the wages paid foremen, compositors, linotype operators, stereotypers, pressmen and apprentices shows $13.80 a week in 1897, and $19.30 a week at present, which is, practically, a forty per cent. advance. The street-car men have done better; but they were very poorly paid ten years ago. The State labor report gives the average for motormen and conductors in Kalamazoo then at only 12½ cents an hour. Since the strike of last year motormen and conductors have received twenty-one to twenty-five cents an hour, so the advance over 1897 is about eighty per cent.

The Clerk Still Underpaid

Labor, of course, is now much more fully employed. In 1897 Kalamazoo was by no means so much an industrial town as it now is; but the labor bureau in that year made a canvass of 11,065 employees over the State, and reported that the average period of employment during the year was only nine months. The average wage was $1.62 a day. That meant a yearly income of $375.

As usual, the pay of clerks has not advanced as much as that of wage-earners. A comparison of the pay of men bookkeepers, which I should judge to be typical, shows an average of $13 a week ten years ago against $15.75 now, which would be a twenty per cent. increase—surely less than half the advance for wage-earners as a whole. The entire male office force in the factories now averages $20.40 a week. This is just a dollar a day less than mason's wages.

One class of laborers which received little attention a decade ago has now become conspicuous. As they were then given so little notice a really conclusive comparison of wages is not possible; but I do not believe they received very much less pay then than now—because I don't see how they

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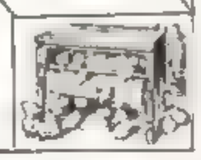

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could. It is of women engaged in gainful occupations that I am speaking. There are now 2325 women industrially employed in Kalamazoo, and their average wage is $1.02 a day. Michigan, by the way, has a good child-labor law. There are in Kalamazoo only 123 factory employees (out of 8500) between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, and none under fourteen. Of 744 women employees who were specially canvassed, the average age is twenty-three years, and 580 are single. This particular lot works, on an average, nine hours a day, and the average daily wage is $1.04, while the average price per week that they pay for room and board is $3.65. Deduct that from $6.25, and you have a surplus of $2.60 per week for clothing and luxuries.

Of course, in very many cases, there is less to deduct; the young women live at home; their wages merely "help out," or are wholly available for personal adornment and pleasure. The fact that, in so many cases, the woman's budget begins where the man's leaves off—that is, after necessaries are provided—makes her everywhere a most disconcerting economic factor. Nine dollars a week, I find, is a quite common wage for a woman stenographer, while the shopgirls average rather less than eight dollars. These wages, however, compare quite favorably with those paid in Chicago, and the cost of living is rather less. Street-car fare is not so constant an item of expense, for a good many employees live within walking distance of office and factory.

As to cost of living, nearly every item shows the advance that was found in Chicago. Even the fresh meat comes from Chicago packing-houses, and, substantially, everything consumed strictly follows the curve of the wholesale market. We can safely say that food and clothing have advanced fully forty per cent. in ten years, metals and implements fifty per cent.; lumber, and all building materials, taken together, sixty per cent.; in short, that the price of staple commodities has advanced just about as much as the average advance in pay of wage-earners, and more than the advance in pay of clerks.

Kalamazoo Thriftier than Chicago

But it looks to me as though Kalamazoo were a thriftier town than Chicago. It would be difficult to support this opinion by evidence that would pass muster in a libel suit. But take that home-buying on the installment plan. There is no better device for encouraging thrift. The twenty-seven hundred dwellings erected in the last four years represent a gross obligation in the neighborhood of five million dollars, which is $135 per capita of the entire population, or $800 for each male employee. This, obviously, implies a very extensive incentive to save.

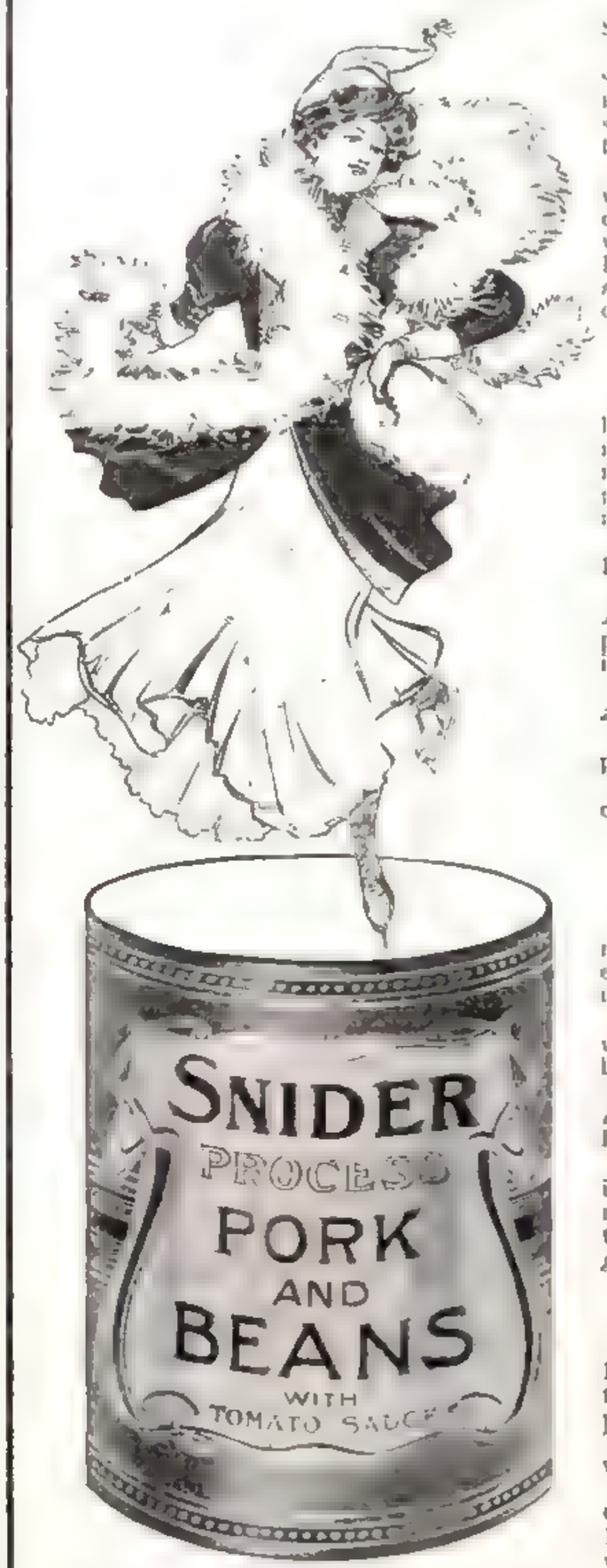
Rents have advanced sharply. The small house that was $8 to $10 ten years ago is now $14 to $16; some that were $12.50 are now $25; and it is not easy to find an acceptable habitation under $12. But building energy of late has been directed overwhelmingly to the erection of houses for sale rather than for rent. The contractor doesn't wish to have a tenant muss up his new house, because he expects soon to sell it. So rent is, relatively to the population, a much less important item than in the city. There is, I believe, only one typical flat building in town; and that, oddly enough, is not for the necessitous, but for the luxurious. The flats are forty to fifty dollars a month.

So far, the town has been growing rapidly; times have been good; and the workman who has bought a home has tasted the unhallowed joys of the unearned increment. "I bought my house four years ago," said a mason, "and paid $2500 for it, or agreed to pay that. Now, according to what other property has been selling at, it is worth four thousand." Naturally, he thinks the last few years have been a very good time indeed for the sober, industrious artisan.

The workman's stake in the town is undoubtedly a very important factor actually and sentimentally. Not everybody, however, views it as complacently as the majority do. A printer, not very long away from the sophisticating atmosphere of Chicago, observed: "Wait until we have a big strike here and then see where these homesteaders get off. The capitalists will work together as they always do."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles on The Cost of Living.

That Health-Reserve—in Beans



Said the Doctor—

"Show me a race which consumes a low percentage of Proteid in its food and I will show you a stunted race—undersized, or deficient in energy.

"Show me a Man or Woman who consumes only the *minimum* of Proteid necessary to repair waste in his or her daily food, and I will show you a person who *cannot resist disease* and who recovers from it very slowly."

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"There is but *one* kind of vegetable which is rich in *Proteid*—richer in that Power giving, Disease-resisting, and Nervous-Energy-producing food factor than the richest Meat.

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It contains 23 to 25 per cent of *Nitrogenous Proteid*, without a particle of that Uric Acid found in the Proteids of meat.

The best Beefsteak contains only *20* per cent of Proteid—

The best Eggs contain *12½* per cent—

The best Whole Wheat Bread contains *8½* per cent, while—

—*Beans* contain *23* to *25* per cent.

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But, unskilful cooking permits much of the powerful Proteid to escape and makes Beans indigestible like Marbles

It also develops a colicky "Gas" which produces flatulence and a bitter flavor.

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That Process puts their Proteid in such *soluble* condition that it is ready to be absorbed by the System without digestive effort or *gaseous* handicap.

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A SENATOR OF THE SIXTIES

(Concluded from Page 6)

Committee on Foreign Relations, and Senator Dickson, of Connecticut, were guests. One of the Englishmen remarked during the dinner that President Grant seemed to be very popular, and that undoubtedly he would be elected President for a second term.

"No, he'll be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors. I tell you, he will be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors," exclaimed Senator Sumner in a loud voice. This stopped all conversation at the dinner for some minutes, until it could be switched to the weather.

Senator Dickson met me as the Senate was about to convene the next morning, and told me the circumstances. I took him immediately to Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, who was chairman of the Senate Caucus. I advised him to send for Mr. Fish, which he did.

Disciplining Mr. Sumner

Mr. Fish went into the Marble Room and the Republican Senators were invited to meet him. He stated what had occurred at the dinner in the same language which Mr. Dickson had used in reporting it to me. While Mr. Fish was still in the Marble Room one of the English delegates, passing through the corridor, met a Senator, who inquired of him as to what Mr. Sumner had said at the dinner the night before. The English delegate said that he could not be a witness to such an affair.

After the Senators had been fully informed by Mr. Fish as to what had occurred at the dinner, Anthony moved an adjournment of the Senate, and called a caucus of Republican Senators. All attended except Mr. Sumner. Senator Anthony sent the sergeant-at-arms for Mr. Sumner.

When Mr. Sumner entered, Senator Anthony stated to him what the Secretary of State and Senator Dickson had informed the Republican Senators. Mr. Sumner said there was not a word of truth in it. He stoutly maintained that President Grant was not alluded to at the dinner, and walked out.

A motion was made to elect Simon Cameron chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and it was unanimously carried without a word of debate. This act of the caucus in deposing Sumner from his important chairmanship was never divulged, because each Senator felt that it was humiliating to the country to make such a transaction public at that time. An agreement to keep it secret was entered into.

The newspapers assumed that President Grant had had Mr. Sumner removed from the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations, or, at all events, that it was done through the influence of the President.

The fact was that President Grant never suggested such action and knew nothing about it until after it was done.

Senator Sumner and Carl Schurz, then Senator from Missouri, continued to make war on President Grant's Administration. They got up a French arms investigation, alleging that President Grant was in complicity with contractors furnishing arms to France in the Franco-Prussian War. So great was the enmity of Sumner against Grant that he left the Republican party and supported Mr. Greeley, the Democratic nominee, for President. If President Grant had known of the vanity, egotism and impracticability of Mr. Sumner he could have made of him a servitor as Mr. Lincoln did.

I have written this with regard to Mr. Sumner in vindication of the truth of history, knowing that his admirers are deceived as to his true character.

"LONDON FASHIONS"

(Concluded from Page 11)

So you go to Hyde Park, under proper meteorological conditions, and admire the women, exquisite in gowns from Paris. But the men? Their display would be utterly outclassed by a church parade down Wabash Avenue, Chicago, of the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Pullman Porters. The latter might not have the manner. But they would have the clothes, and the joy of wearing them. They would put on a better production at a fraction of what it costs Hyde Park.

John Bull's climate is against good clothes. Summer is tolerable. But when the drenching rains come down, and London streets turn to thick, black ooze, the Briton disappears in a mackintosh and takes a cab when he wants to go anywhere. Here is where all the "horsey" British clothes—that, when imported by us and worn, look so terribly affected—are absolutely right, and the only raiment suited to a moist climate. The thick vests with brass buttons, the fore-and-aft caps, the leggings, and all the rest of it, when seen on the British, outdoors, in the English climate, *belong*.

As for the British evening-dress tradition that scares every American into taking his first evening suit to London, it seems to be palpable enough—as a tradition. But the clothes with which it is honored! The Yankee donning his new spiketail, fresh from the hands of a New York tailor, gets into queer company in London theatres and hotels. Everywhere upon the natives he sees shabby, dusty, out-of-date, ill-fitting black coats, some with tails, some without. The chief points of uniformity observed are: Item, that the garment shall be a coat, or something nearly approximate thereto; item, that it shall, once upon a time, have been black.

One night at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, a gentleman from Toledo appeared at a box party wearing evening dress that was quite correct and of current cut. But he also wore a brilliant blue four-in-hand cravat! Probably, in all his life he never spent so pleasant an evening. For the dozen men and women in that party centred all the talk and attention on him so that he wouldn't discover the mistake and be mortified by his misfit necktie.

Now, it is reasonable to assume, from what one sees in the evening in London, that a gentleman clad like that might go anywhere and do anything so long as he paid his way and kept reasonably sober. Nobody would notice that anything was wrong!

So these are the true sartorial conditions in London in the year 1908, whence our fashion-plates still come.

There may have been a period when London clothes really set the fashion for us.

Home-Made and Factory Shirts

Back in 1847 a certain Boston young man found that his washerwoman had charged him a dollar and a half too little, and calling her attention to the error, paid the balance. This instance of chivalry coming to the knowledge of his young women friends, they did something characteristic of 1847. They made him a dozen shirts, and suitably inscribed them with indelible ink.

At that period, when the Prince Consort was still alive, and before his coat had become a shroud for British character, we may have taken our fashions from London. It was the same period in which Balzac, when he needed a fop that should express the absolute extreme in fashion, always made him an Anglophile.

But to-day we make our shirts in factories for as little as fifty cents apiece, and even at the price they fit better than those made for the scrupulous young Boston gentleman in 1847. We make our clothes in factories, too, and they not only fit better, but are killing the sweatshop that still disgraces John Bull's tailoring industry and makes him an indifferent competitor on everything but army uniforms—a product in which we might outbid him a bit, too, with free wool.

We may have imported the London fashion in 1850.

But to-day there is no London fashion to bring over.

We have to be content with the fashion-plate.

Furthermore, when London gets ready really to reform its clothing industry on modern lines, it will probably have to come to us for the machinery, the methods and the ideas.

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The "Pennsylvania Special" is the eighteen-hour train between New York and Chicago. It is the one train of the world that covers over one thousand miles of track in three-quarters of a day, and if it ran on through Chicago westward at the same gait it would reach San Francisco in three days from New York. It is the turbiner of the rails. It is the quickest of all trains between New York and Chicago, and its regularity and reliability since its inauguration in June, 1905, has been more than noteworthy in the annals of railroading.

But even more than this its schedule is so well adapted to the needs of business men that they not only lose no time in transit, but actually save it. It is a happy and satisfying condition, when banker, broker, professional, or business man can close up his day's work, take the best equipped, the surest and quickest train, and arrive in Chicago an hour before the banks open. He can find, too, on the train almost all of the diversions of the evening, except the theatre and the billiard table.

The "Pennsylvania Special" (the 18-hour train between New York and Chicago) leaves New York every day at 3.55 P. M., North Philadelphia at 5.37 P. M. and arrives at Chicago 8.55 the next morning; leaves Chicago at 2.45 P. M. and arrives New York at 9.45 A. M.

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The President and Big Business

(Continued from Page 4)

dollars. And, against this, its outstanding stock, funded debt and other liabilities amounted practically to thirty-four million dollars. Says the Commission's report:

In about seven years the outstanding capital indebtedness of this company was expanded from $33,951,407 to $114,610,937, or an increase of about $80,660,000, and there was expended in actual improvements and additions to the property out of this capitalization only about $18,000,000, leaving an increase of its stock and liabilities, without one dollar of consideration, of about $62,660,000.

All this was brought about by a syndicate which bought the stock of this road, and those intrusted with power proceeded to do the following things. I quote again from the Commission's report:

For the purpose of taking up the first mortgage bonds of the road and the making of improvements and additions and for other corporate purposes, this syndicate placed a $40,000,000 three-per-cent. mortgage on the property. . . . They sold the bonds to the stockholders for sixty-five cents on the dollar, and as they had acquired substantially all of the stock, they obtained nearly all of the bonds. . . . The first $10,000,000 thereof . . . were sold to Goldman, Sachs & Co., who sold them to the New York Life Insurance Company for ninety-six cents on the dollar. Only $32,000,000 out of the $40,000,000 were sold, and the prices the syndicate received for the balance does not appear; but it does appear that Kuhn, Loeb & Co. sold $1,000,000 thereof to the Equitable Life Insurance Company, in 1900, at 92, and $550,000 thereof later at 88, in 1901, . . . so that the syndicate must have reaped a profit on these bonds of $8,000,000, which could have been and should have been reaped by the railroad company. . . .

Out of the sixty-five cents on the dollar thus realized by the railroad company the principal stockholders voted themselves a dividend of thirty per cent. on the common and preferred stocks, . . . and as it appeared that they owned more than ninety-eight per cent. of the stock they received nearly all of it. This dividend was not reported to the Interstate Commerce Commission. There was no money in the treasury, outside of the proceeds of these bonds, with which to pay a dividend.

In order to find an excuse for borrowing money to pay the dividend, Mr. Harriman, who was in control of the financial affairs of the road, caused $12,444,177.66 to be credited, in December, 1899, to "Construction expenditures uncapitalized." As a matter of fact, all money which had been previously used for betterments of the property had been annually appropriated by the board of directors and charged against the income of the property, besides paying the dividends; so that all the money so appropriated has been once paid out of the income and had, during many years, been charged off to operating expenses.

But this was not all. The Commission continues:

Having acquired the stock of the Chicago and Alton Railroad Company, this syndicate organized the Chicago and Alton *Railway* Company. They transferred their stock to one Louis L. Stanton, who had no interest therein. Stanton entered into a pretended contract with the railway company whereby the new company was to buy from him their stock of the old railroad company for the following sums:

For their 34,722 shares of preferred stock which had cost them $6,944,400, and on which they had received a special dividend of $1,041,660, according to this contract they obtained, in cash, $10,000,000.

For their 183,224 shares of common stock, transferred to the *railway* company, which had cost them $32,064,200, and on which they had received a special dividend of $5,496,720, they received 194,890 shares of preferred and 195,428 shares of common stock, a total of 390,318 shares of the new company. . . . The Union Pacific Railroad Company bought, in 1904, 103,431 shares of the preferred stock at $86.50 a share.

It appears that Harriman, Schiff, Gould and Stillman also owned a line of railroad fifty-eight miles long, which there is some evidence to show had cost them very much less than $3,000,000. This road was also transferred to the intermediary, Stanton, who sold it to the new company for $3,000,000 cash. So that by this transaction the syndicate was to receive in cash $13,000,000 and all of the stock of the new company in exchange for about ninety-eight per cent. of the stock of the old company and the railroad fifty-eight miles long.

To raise the $13,000,000 in cash the shares of the old railroad company were first mortgaged for $22,000,000, and the bonds were nominally sold to Kuhn, Loeb & Co. for $13,000,000 cash, or a little less than sixty cents on the dollar. As a matter of fact, it appears by the testimony of Mr. Harriman that Mr. Stanton never owned any of the stock or the railroad, but was a mere intermediary.

What these bonds were worth does not appear, but it does appear that they were sold in the market, from 1900 down to the present time, at 76½ to 86¼, and that during two or three years after the issue thereof they ranged from 78 to 86½. Mr. Harriman testified that he had no books to show the profits on these bonds and had no knowledge of what he and his associates made in the transaction.

During all these years Mr. Harriman was chairman of the executive committee of the Chicago and Alton Railroad Company and of the Chicago and Alton Railway Company, and had charge of their financial affairs, and was voted $104,722.22 for his services as chairman of the executive committee from 1900 to 1904.

There is much more of this report, to which the Commission adds the following conclusions:

From this brief synopsis of the exploitation of the Chicago and Alton it is evident that its history is rich in illustration of various methods of indefensible financing:

First came the profits to the stockholders arising out of the sale to themselves of $32,000,000 of bonds at 65, which sold for several succeeding years at 82½ to 94.

Second came the thirty per cent. dividend based on amounts expended from income for improvements, much of it nearly thirty years before, and recently capitalized.

Third came the pseudo-transfer to Stanton, and his contract under which the new company paid $10,000,000 in cash for preferred stock which had cost less than $7,000,000.

Fourth came the conversion of 183,224 shares of common stock in the *railroad* company, part of which was sold to the Union Pacific at 86½ a share.

Fifth came the sale of the St. Louis, Peoria and Northern for $3,000,000 cash.

Sixth came whatever interest the syndicate may have had in the sale to Kuhn, Loeb & Co. of $22,000,000 of bonds at sixty cents on the dollar.

Seventh came the fee of $100,000 to Mr. Harriman for financing the enterprise. This analysis is no doubt incomplete, but it is suggestive.

These facts profoundly impressed the American people. They did not destroy confidence—no; but certainly they inflicted upon confidence a flesh wound which bled freely.

Another example: Great land frauds were unearthed in the West, and men, whom the people had formerly regarded as great business men, were found to be at the bottom of them. Even high public officials were involved in them. They had been going on for years.

Their immunity from justice can be explained only upon one of the two theories—either that the people had grown so used to these practices that custom had legitimatized them, or that the wrongdoers were so powerful politically that they had not been interfered with. But Theodore Roosevelt interfered with them with all the vigor of outraged justice. Investigations were made, prosecutions followed, convictions were secured.

Another illustration was the investigation by the National Government into the reasons why the Pennsylvania Railroad had furnished splendid shipping facilities to certain coal companies and declined them to others, or furnished the shipping facilities with such delay as to time and in such small numbers as to cars that the companies thus discriminated against were practically driven out of business. The

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startling fact was revealed that certain officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company had been given stock in the companies which the road favored, and that that was the reason why companies that did not give them stock were discriminated against.

And so you could go through the whole list that constitutes Roosevelt's "interference with business" and "raid on prosperity." He made no investigations which did not show fraud—commenced no prosecutions except where the law had been violated. Would you, reader, have any man for President who would have done less?

Here is the sum of the whole matter: We had been going through a period of such tremendous material progress and development that we became forgetful of those common rules of action called law; men of power and resourcefulness had such enormous success that they had become arrogant and disdainful of law. But the Nation's sense of justice, the conscience of the American people, has been in process of awakening for some time, and now it is thoroughly aroused, vigilant and determined.

The people have formed a settled purpose that no man or set of men, no company or corporation, can be bigger than the Nation or above the Nation's laws. Theodore Roosevelt has faithfully personified this moral purpose of the millions. Thus he has come in conflict with mighty business men who felt that the rules of fair dealing which governed everybody else ought not to govern them. So the President attacked them, and they in turn attacked the President; and that is about all there is to the present controversy.

I heard one such business man say to an acquaintance the other day: "Oh, it is not Roosevelt's policies; it is his methods that I object to. He goes at things so savagely."

I have nothing to say about that. History does not tell the story of a single great man whose personality was placid and conventional. God seems to have made these dynamic characters quite out of the ordinary run of things. Washington, who is pictured to us as so calm, was about the most cyclonic character in our Revolution, subject to desperate and frightful fits of anger, and saying and doing things with a vast and elemental violence. Lincoln, whom we now think of as placid, almost negative, in his patient kindliness, became President upon the most radical set of utterances that were ever heard by the American people since the Declaration of Independence.

But all this is beside the point. The point is that Roosevelt has forced the overlords of finance, who thought themselves above the rule of the people, to obey the rule of the people. If these men will only make up their minds that they have got to continue to obey the rule of the people they will be happy ever after; but just that is what they have got to make up their minds to. This Nation is past the point of complaisance with wrongdoing by great and strong men. "Everybody equal before the law" is the old ideal which this people has determined to make real now and for all time to come. And if we will only get into the *habit of mind* where every one of us will expect to have the laws executed with absolute equality, there will be no more ragings and ravings about raids on prosperity, because there will be no raids on prosperity.

The whole movement is the evolution of the people's conscience, not the revolution of the people's industry. Indeed, it does not go so far as the English laws of business have already gone. The English people did this same work and more over a decade ago, and that work did not hurt, but helped, English business. It is truthfully said that the business laws of England are the safest, as English business itself is the soundest, in the world.

Yet our work in America to-day, which is raising such an outcry by those who have been doing wrong, is the same, though not so great, as that accomplished by the English people. Those who are doing this work in America to-day are called very bad names, and if anybody introduced into Congress to-morrow the English Companies' Act he would be pointed to as an enemy of business, a foe to prosperity, by the very men in America who praise those very same laws in England. But we cannot stop for fear of bad names, can we?

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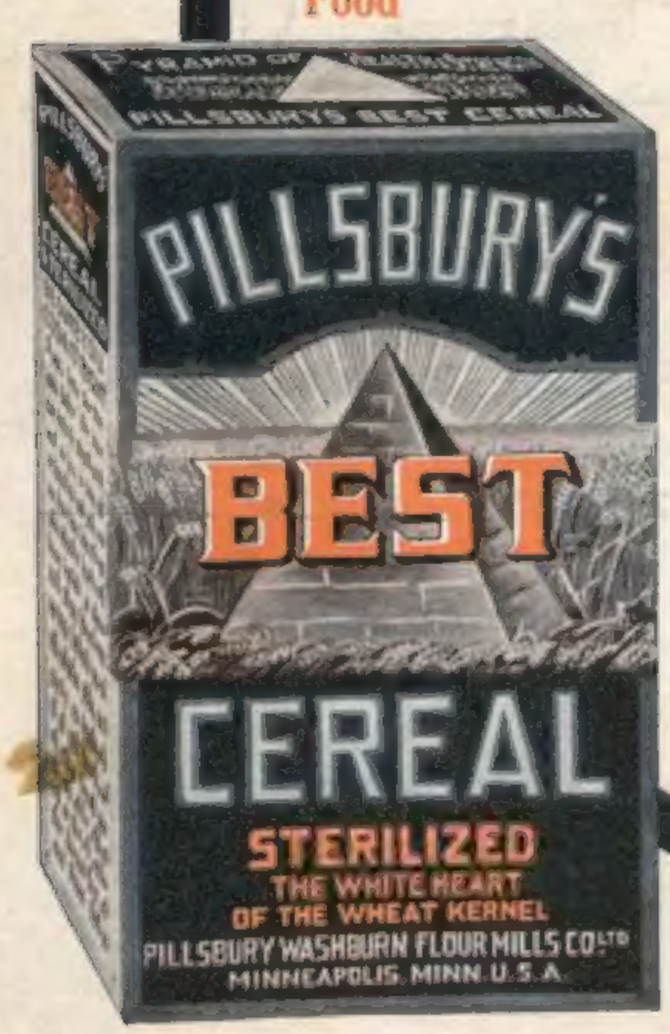

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